Merval Hoare

RAMBLER'S GUIDE to NORFOLK ISLAND

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By Merval Hoare

PACIFIC PUBLICATIONS

Acknowledgements

I wish to thank Mr. Stuart Inder, Editor of the *Pacific Islands Monthly,* for his help with the arrangement of the manuscript. I am also indebted for assistance to Mr. Robert Langdon, Assistant Editor of *PIM,* and to Mr. Barry Badger, who drew the sectional maps.

My thanks are due to Mr. Graham Bowden, of Canberra, who carried out research for me in Sydney and Canberra, and to Mr. Pat Lawlor, of Wellington, New Zealand and Mr. Tom Conly, of Nae Nae, New Zealand, who kindly sent me historical material.

Mr. Brian Lynch, now of Brisbane, and formerly Government Surveyor at Norfolk Island, assisted me by defining the limits of certain Norfolk roads, and I am grateful for the valuable information he gave me.

I am indebted to Mr. Gordon Williams, Official Secretary, Norfolk Island Administration, for his courteous and prompt attention to my many queries and to his predecessor, Mr. James Donovan, of Canberra, for information on local matters given me during his term of office. The Administration has been of great help generally, especially in giving permission for reproduction of maps.

And lastly, I wish to thank my husband Ray and daughter Ann for their encouragement while I was writing this book.

MERVAL HOARE

Norfolk Island,
March, 1965.

Revised Edition

Dr. C. E. Fox, Taroaniara, British Solomon Islands Protectorate, has been kind enough to supply me with the correct translation of the Melanesian name "Kerepei".

I am indebted also to Mr. D. Lusk, Registrar, Norfolk Island Administration, for information on land matters.—M.H.

Norfolk Island,
January, 1968

Cover illustration of Kingston is from a transparency by Wykeham Perry of Canberra, A.C.T.

CONTENTS

An Introduction to Norfolk Island - - - - - - - 5

The Arrival - - - - - - - - - - - - - 9

The Airport Area, Including Longridge and Headstone - 11
Map on p. 12

Melanesian Mission to Anson Bay - - - - - - - 17
Map on p. 16

Kingston and Bloody Bridge - - - - - - - - 25
Map on p. 24

Burnt Pine, The Uplands and the Cook Monument - - 45
Map on p. 46

Cascade and Ball Bay - - - - - - - - - 55
Map on p. 54

Philip Island - - - - - - - - - - - 61

Nepean Island - - - - - - - - - - - 66

Bird Rock or the Redstone - - - - - - - - 69

Where To Fish - - - - - - - - - - - 71

Norfolk's Climate - - - - - - - - - - 73

Places of Special Interest - - - - - - - - 75

General Index - - - - - - - - - - - 77

General Map of Norfolk Island - - - - centre pages

Isometrical Survey of Kingston - - - - inside back cover

Printed and Published in Australia by Pacific Publications (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.,
29 Alberta Street, Sydney.

Publishers of
Pacific Islands Monthly
Pacific Islands Year Book and Who's Who
The Handbook of Papua and New Guinea
The Handbook of Fiji

First Published 1965
Revised Editions, 1968, 1969.
©

An Introduction to Norfolk Island

NINE hundred miles north-east of Sydney and six hundred miles north of Auckland, Norfolk Island was discovered by Captain James Cook on October 10, 1774, during his second voyage round the world. It was uninhabited. Cook landed at Duncombe Bay, where today a monument stands.

"I took possession of this Isle as I had done of all the others we had discovered," wrote Cook, "and named it Norfolk Isle, in honour of that noble family."

Cook saw the towering Norfolk pines as wonderful spars for England's fighting ships, with the indigenous flax plant being used in the canvas for their sails. Although this idea was never fulfilled—it was found later that almost every pine was weakened by knots and the local flax was inferior to that being grown in Ireland—it did focus official attention on some possible use for the still idle British possession.

When therefore Captain Arthur Phillip received from George III in 1787 his commission as Governor-designate of the Colony of New South Wales it included an instruction to send a small establishment to Norfolk Island to prevent it being occupied "by the subjects of any other European power".

Soon after Phillip arrived in Botany Bay in January, 1788, to found Sydney, he appointed his old friend and fellow officer, Philip Gidley King, formerly second lieutenant of the *Sirius,* as Superintendent and Commandant of Norfolk and instructed him to form a settlement there.

On February 14, 1788, King sailed from Sydney Cove in the armed tender *Supply,* commanded by Lieutenant Henry Lidgbird Ball. The party included 15 convicts—nine men and six women—and King took with him six months' provisions. During the three weeks' voyage from Sydney Cove a new island was sighted and named Lord Howe, in honour of the then First Lord of the Admiralty.

After several unsuccessful attempts to land his party on

various parts of the Norfolk coast, King found a passage through a reef in what is now the Kingston area.

On March 6. 1788—still commemorated as Foundation Day—the first settlers pitched their tents on the shores of Sydney Bay. Originally called Sydney, the settlement was later renamed King's Town, and finally became known as Kingston. The second British settlement in the South Pacific had thus begun.

The cultivation of the indigenous flax plant figured largely in King's briefing for the Norfolk Island venture, but the enterprise was doomed to failure, since no effort, however assiduous, could overcome such a handicap as the inferior quality of the local flax.

The early days of colonisation were difficult ones. The island, though fertile, was heavily wooded with the beautiful Norfolk pines and every acre needed for crops had to be laboriously cleared. Then, when the crops were flourishing, all manner of pests attacked them. As batches of convict settlers—and later free settlers—arrived from Port Jackson, two other settlements were added to the first settlement at Sydney Bay. One was at Queenborough, on the west side of the island, and the other at Phillipburgh, now Cascade.

Lieutenant King spent two terms on the island; from 1788 to 1790 and from 1791 to 1796. On his departure in 1796 there was a thriving community of 887 people; more than 1,500 acres of land had been cleared and many public buildings—mostly of timber—had been erected (none of the buildings of the first settlement are to be seen today). Although the population later rose to 1,100, lean times followed. Harvest difficulties, the outrageous price of commodities brought from the Australian mainland, a deterioration in morals, morale and health due partly to locally-distilled liquor, and several quick changes in commandants on the island, all contributed to the decline.

Within a few years, because of the long sea voyage from headquarters in Sydney, the expense involved in its upkeep and the absence of a harbour, Norfolk lost favour with the Home Government, and in 1803 Lord Hobart ordered the removal of some of the people to Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania). Owing to changes in policy, the evacuation of the island was nevertheless a protracted affair, and it was not until 1814 that the last of the inhabitants left Norfolk.

Norfolk Island then lay deserted for 11 years.

On June 6, 1825, Captain Turton, with a detachment of soldiers, 57 convicts, six women and six children landed at Sydney Bay to establish the second penal settlement.

Cultivation and rebuilding commenced immediately, and the island was soon in working order. But the penal system for this Second Settlement was a harsh one. Prisoners then sent to Norfolk were of the worst types from New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, and they were not settlers but prisoners to be punished. Before long the women were withdrawn (it was some time before they were allowed to return) and the island became, as Governor Darling had planned, "a place of the extremest punishment short of death".

There were milder periods in this dark era of the Second Settlement. The longest spell of more enlightened administration was between 1840 and 1844, during the term of Captain Alexander Maconochie. This commandant believed that moral improvement could be best had through humane treatment, but Maconochie was ahead of his time. Because of the expense incurred by his management of the island and misunderstandings of his system of reform he was removed from office, and another period of tight discipline began.

Norfolk now reached the depths of its penal history, and rumours of the brutality meted out to prisoners continually reached the mainland. Bishop Willson, of Hobart Town, visited Norfolk three times and eventually urged the abandonment of the island as a penal settlement. Other humane men added their voices to his cause, and in 1852, the Secretary of State for the Colonies advised Sir William Denison, Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, that the island had been suggested as a home for the Pitcairners, who had outgrown Pitcairn Island. It would cease to be used as a penal settlement.

Norfolk was gradually emptied of its prisoner population and when the Pitcairners, numbering 194, landed on the island from the *Morayshire* on June 8, 1856 (the day is observed today as Bounty or Anniversary Day) only half-a-dozen members of the prison colony remained and these had left by the end of that month.

The new settlers (40 men, 47 women, 54 boys and 53 girls) carried such names as Adams, Christian, Young, Evans, McCoy. Quintal, Buffet and Nobbs, and nearly all of them were descendants of the mutineers of H.M. armed ship *Bounty*.

In 1790 these men had scuttled their vessel at Pitcairn Island nine months after setting the master, Captain William Bligh, and eighteen loyal officers and men adrift near one of the Tongan islands in an open boat. They took with them to Pitcairn a number of Tahitian women.

On their new home at Norfolk Island the Pitcairners inherited, along with houses, a considerable quantity of livestock and stores, and the advent of the new settlers was to transform the once notorious penal colony from a hell on earth.

The Pitcairn Islanders had asked that their new island be ceded to them by Britain, but this was not agreed to, although there were constitutional changes affecting the new home. In 1844, Norfolk Island had been severed from the Government of New South Wales and annexed to Van Diemen's Land. Now, by a further act of the British Parliament, the island on June 24, 1856, was created "a distinct and separate settlement", with the Governor of New South Wales for the time being appointed Governor of Norfolk. Laws concerning land allocation were drawn up to ensure the exclusiveness of the community.

Not unexpectedly, some of the Pitcairners became homesick for their original island, and two small parties—the first in 1858 and another in 1863—returned to Pitcairn, which is still occupied by the descendants of these people.

The story of Norfolk since the transfer of the Pitcairners in 1856 has been relatively uneventful. The new settlers patterned their lives on the communal code that had served them on Pitcairn, and the people's love of religion and their warm and simple hospitality were invariably noted by visitors. Governor's visits and Commissions of Inquiry brought occasional excitement into their quiet lives.

In 1896 the island was made a dependency under the Governor of New South Wales, and in 1914 it was accepted by the Commonwealth Parliament as an Australian Territory. It is now administered through the Department of External Territories, Canberra.

A resident Administrator, appointed by the Governor-General, is in charge of the island today. The Norfolk Island Council, an elected body, may advise the Administrator on any matter affecting the peace, order and good government of the Territory.

The Arrival

THE APPROACH BY SEA: Approach Norfolk by sea and it at first appears as a long island with Mts. Pitt and Bates dwarfed to a mere bump. Later it looms ahead as a green, hilly mound. Mostly the pine-covered cliffs rise cleanly and steeply from the water; only at Kingston does the land slope gently to the sea, in contrast to the prevailing high coastline.

Norfolk is a volcanic island, about five miles by three. A little to the south are two smaller islands, both uninhabited; Nepean, a limestone islet of about ten acres, and Philip, a rugged and precipitous volcanic island less than two miles long and irregularly shaped.

These three islands are the only uncovered area of the Norfolk Ridge, a submarine elevation running down from New Caledonia to New Zealand.

As Norfolk has no harbour, ships stand about half-a-mile off shore from Kingston or Cascade, according to where the weather is coming from, and lighters are sent out to pick up passengers and cargo. A third landing-place, at Headstone, is not used these days.

The lighters are mainly manned by Norfolk Islanders; men whose forefathers sailed under Captain Bligh on H.M.S. *Bounty*. Although they speak perfect English, among themselves the islanders usually speak "Norfolk", which is partly derived from the Tahitian tongue and partly from English. It is pleasant to the ear and most writers have found it melodious and attractive; others, including Atlee Hunt, in an official memorandum in 1914, have expressed an emphatic contrary opinion.

The short, often exhilarating trip by lighter over, visitors are helped ashore by willing hands at one or other of the two piers, and make their way "up-country", as the local saying is.

THE APPROACH BY AIR: More satisfying is the sweeping bird's-eye view of the approach to Norfolk by air; which is the way most people come. On a fine day while the aircraft

circles, you glimpse Philip and Nepean; Philip, its high eroded contours wearing lovely colours, red, gold and brown; Nepean, nearly level, and because it possesses more vegetation, predominantly green.

Circling Norfolk you see an undulating landscape, pine-clad valleys and red, winding roads. Houses are not crushed together—there is breathing space.

When you land you find the usual small clusters of residents; people to whom the arrival of a passenger plane is still an event of some importance.

The airstrip dates from World War II, when the island was a vital link in the line of communication between New Zealand, Australia and the South Pacific Islands. To make room for its expansive runways, the 100-year-old convict-planted Pine Avenue was cut down. Some of the trees that formed the avenue are still standing and in some Norfolk homes you may see photographs of the avenue as it was.

A few years ago the airport consisted of a mere collection of sheds left over by the air force. Today the terminal building, faced with green lawns and embellished with tropical shrubs, is controlled by the Australian Department of Civil Aviation. The airport is 349 ft above sea-level.

Also located within the drome enclosure is the Department of the Interior's meteorological section, and near there once stood three pines, one a double pine with two great trunks rising from its broad base. These pines were a joy to photographers because, seen from a certain angle, they formed the letters N.I. Being so close to the strip they were felled as a safety precaution.

Here at the airport you are on a flat tableland on the south-west side of the island. From this point the sea is not visible, and, except for the dark, towering and unswerving pines that dominate the landscape at every turn, you might be in any small New Zealand or Australian village. The mountain rises imposingly to the north.

The Airport Area, Including Longridge and Headstone

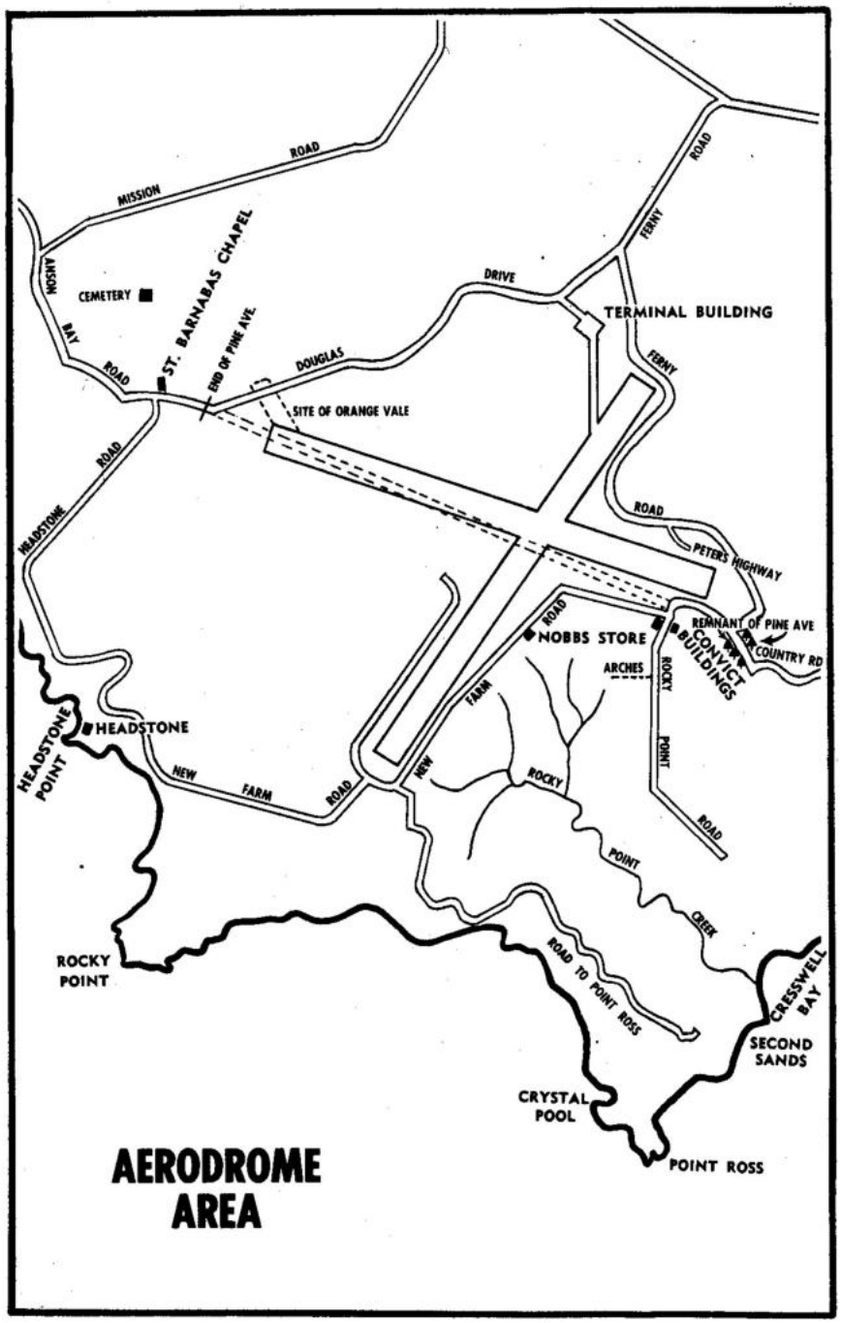
FROM the terminal building you go directly into the east end of Douglas Drive. When leaving the airport environs vehicles travel over cattle stops, which are necessary because of Norfolk's wandering cattle and horses.

Douglas Drive will take you via Ferny Road and Taylor's Road to the shopping centre and, eventually, through to Kingston. But Douglas Drive itself finishes a short way past the airport terminal, meeting the last stretch of Ferny Road, or Ferny Lane, before it, in turn, meets Mt. Pitt Road and Taylor's Road at the Hospital Corner. Taylor's Road is in fact the main shopping street, but we are not interested in this just at the moment, for we will discuss this area in the chapter on Burnt Pine. Let's branch off to the right after leaving the airport and turn down Ferny Road.

FERNY ROAD AREA. Ferny Road is not now noted for its ferns, although in parts it is very leafy, but there were many ferns there once. In old photos on the island you may see the road bordered by tree ferns rising like giant feather dusters. The road goes round one end of the airstrip—at one time it went through the airstrip area but a deviation was made when the airstrip was built. This new section, just a few hundred yards from the beginning of the road, is now sometimes referred to as Peter's Highway. In this area a blind road leads off to the right.

The highway, or road, whichever you prefer, now twists and turns, with sometimes some excellent views down into the hills above Kingston, although you won't see Kingston itself, until it reaches the corner of New Farm Road.

To the left New Farm Road becomes Country Road, which drops down to Kingston. But the main portion of New Farm Road goes on to the right, past the airstrip, and here you are in the old Longridge (or Long Ridge) area. This was the main agricultural centre during the Second Settlement, and at times up



to 600 prisoners lived at Longridge. Rocky Point Road, which also begins close by here, passes right through Longridge and there is plenty of history hereabouts for the rambler.

PINE AVENUE REMNANTS. Near the corner of Ferny Road, Country Road and New Farm Road you may still see the remnants of the famous Pine Avenue, planted by the convicts of the Second Settlement. It was cut down during World War II to make the airstrip.

At one time Pine Avenue was part of Anson Bay Road, which once connected Kingston with Anson Bay, and it did in fact link up with the present Anson Bay Road near where the Melanesian Mission Church still stands (see p. 21). A few of the pines may also still be seen at the mission end. Pine Avenue was 1¼ miles long.

The commandant Captain Maconochie, in 1841, built a small prison at Longridge for the punishment of local prisoners by solitary confinement. The cells were light, dry and airy and superior to the underground cells in the Old Gaol at Kingston. Each cell contained a window, a hammock and a water-closet serving also as a seat.

Entrance to the cells was gained by a trap-door in the floor above and the gallery was divided into two rooms for use by Catholics and Protestants; with six cells, three on each side under each room.

Religious services were performed at certain times in the upper rooms, and, in addition, a man was placed there who had very little else to do except read aloud to the prisoners beneath, who, by opening a small aperture in their cells, could hear distinctly what was being read, or if they wished not to hear, could draw a sliding panel across.

In this way Captain Maconochie, who placed great faith in the power of religious and moral instruction, saw to it that the prisoners received much spiritual exhortation and good counsel. We do not know now where the site of the cells is.

THE ARCHES. When Norfolk's Second Settlement closed, about 20 buildings remained in the Longridge area, some of stone and the others of timber. One of these was a church. Today only two buildings are in good condition and occupied; the rest have either disappeared altogether or are in ruins. A number of ruins are to be seen near the corner of New Farm Road and Rocky Point Road.

The remains of one stone structure of special interest are to be found a little distance along Rocky Point Road on the right. This ruin, popularly called "The Arches", and sometimes "The Stables", consists of some broken walls with a facade of ten arches in a good state of preservation, and commands a view of a lush valley, evidently the site of an old garden. The land on which the "Arches" stand was bought by the Crown from members of the Brancker Nobbs family in 1966.

You continue past a spiky plum hedge, and turn a corner into a shady lane. The road becomes rather rough and after the next turning is unsuited for normal motor traffic in wet weather. Not far beyond "The Arches" you will have noticed a division in the road but the right-hand fork dwindles away. Once it lead to the Crystal Pool (see below), and was an extension of Rocky Point Road. The main road descends into a valley and you shortly hear the sound of the sea.

BAMBORA RESERVE. You are now in Bambora Reserve, which is full of pines and haunted by white terns, and suddenly, over a shoulder of hill, you look into Cresswell Bay. A few yards further down is an open place surrounded by pines and white oaks. A pretty stream—Rocky Point Creek—curves by; wild taro, growing in the water, holds up on slender stems dark green heart-shaped leaves, dull and heavily-veined. Taro flowers, seen in autumn, are pale orange, strongly scented and tightly folded.

You cross the creek, go over a rise and down to the bay where the creek flows gently into the sea. A small beach of speckled sand is sheltered from the full force of the sea by great black boulders crowding the shore. About half a mile in the direction of Point Ross is another small beach—Second Sands.

THE OLDEST STORE. Back now to the junction of Rocky Point Road and New Farm Road. New Farm Road follows the airport runways, and just beyond the sharp left-hand Longridge Corner you will find Nobbs' Store, the oldest store on Norfolk, established in 1886. It is a general provision store for the people in the area.

THE CRYSTAL SWIMMING POOL. The Crystal Pool, a popular swimming place in the direction of Point Ross, may be reached by travelling along New Farm Road past Nobbs' Store as far as the next junction (at one end of the airport runway). Here you turn left to Point Ross. The road was once an extension of Rocky Point Road but there is no connection now.

There is some lovely scenery here as the road winds through parkland, and at about the halfway point it comes out on the coast briefly for an excellent view of Philip Island before curving inland again. It passes well-cultivated farms and finally ends not far from the cliffs. If you go out to the cliffs you can look down on the Second Sands beach.

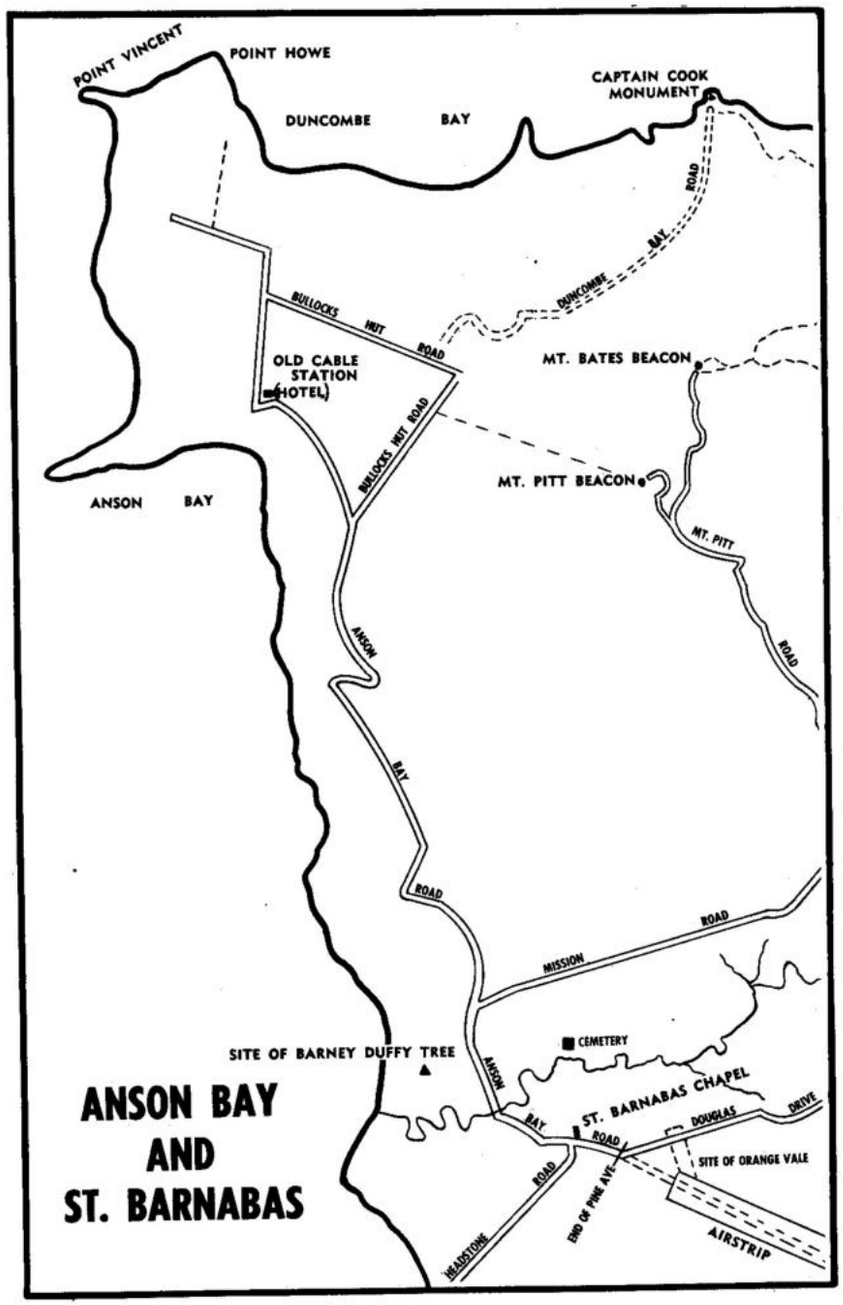
If you bear to the right just before the road ends you will find yourself passing through a valley which will bring you to the cliff top above the Crystal Pool, 200 ft below. The descent to the pool is very steep and requires careful negotiation to avoid the hundreds of mutton bird holes riddling the cliff face. The pool should be visited at low tide because at high tide access is difficult. The adjacent rocks are favourite fishing spots.

Back at the junction, New Farm Road now continues west towards Headstone. (A blind road runs along the other side of the runway to a few houses.) Rocky Point Reserve is on your left and some fine old trees with sprawling roots give shade on the right. Suddenly you are out on the cliffs, near pine-studded parkland. The twisting road runs into a valley and over a bridge. Here a short path follows the creek down to the island's rubbish chute. The creek itself is worthy of notice, for it flows down in a series of tiny waterfalls over brown rocks and takes one big leap into the sea.

HEADSTONE. You rise over a shoulder of hill where a new section of road was cut during the Pacific War, when this area was a military camp. You are now in Headstone Road.

The headstone from which the point and the road take their name was erected in memory of Henry Warnam and Peter Heffernan, privates of H.M. 99th Regiment, who were drowned off the point in October, 1850. Immediately below are the Headstone landing steps, fashioned when Headstone was an official landing place in the 1920's. The steps are used these days by fishermen going to and from the rocks. There are some beautiful, ever-changing views from these cliffs, and camera enthusiasts will find much to interest them.

After following the coast for some distance the road turns inland and, just past the Vicarage, meets the Anson Bay Road. Here you will see a few more of the stately pines that marked the other end of Pine Avenue, for you are now in the historic old Melanesian Mission area.



Melanesian Mission to Anson Bay

ANSON BAY ROAD is anchored at one end by the cliffs at Point Howe and at the other by the famous chapel of St. Barnabas, in what was once the Melanesian Mission area. For nearly 60 years the Melanesian Mission had its headquarters there.

The Mission lands occupied over 1,000 acres, extending in the direction of Anson Bay, some distance inland, and towards Headstone. Most of the land was farmed to provide food for the missionaries, lay workers and Melanesian scholars.

In December, 1853, when arrangements for the transfer of the Pitcairners to Norfolk were in hand, the Bishop of New Zealand, Bishop George Selwyn, desiring to shift the Melanesian Mission headquarters from Auckland to a site further north, inspected Norfolk to see if it would be a suitable place. He was very favourably impressed. During the next few years he tried, unsuccessfully, to persuade the authorities to allow him to carry out his plan.

However, in 1866, the Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Young, granted to the Mission sufficient land for the establishment of a training school and headquarters for the first Bishop of Melanesia, Bishop John Patteson.

The Mission received a free grant of 99 acres, together with 933 acres which were paid for at the rate of £2 an acre. The money was eventually transferred to the Norfolk Island Trust Fund. Many of the islanders firmly believed that Norfolk had been given unreservedly to them by the Crown and disputed the right of the Governor to grant land to the Mission.

MISSION ESTABLISHED. In October, 1866, the Rev. J. Palmer and 16 Melanesian lads arrived to settle on the Mission land. The station was named in honour of St. Barnabas, on whose feast-day the site was selected.

St. Barnabas' College, in 1867, consisted of two houses situated under Mt. Pitt. One was the Bishop's house, containing a chapel, and the other a house for the staff and scholars. Later

other buildings were erected; St. Barnabas' Chapel; homes for the missionaries; a printing house and a store. Some of these were in stone.

In 1899 the Melanesian scholars numbered 210 and there was a large staff of European and Melanesian missionaries. Relations with the Norfolk Islanders were generally friendly, despite the dispute over the land, although there was some strain from time to time.

Although an entirely separate community, the Mission brought certain changes into the lives of the islanders. It gave them neighbours and provided them with a handy market for some of their produce. From 1871 the Mission shared the cost of a medical officer and in 1899 contributed to a subsidised shipping service.

Early in the 1900's the then Bishop of Melanesia, Bishop Cecil Wilson, decided that because "we had unfortunately become involved in some of the disputes which constantly divided the Norfolkers," Norfolk was becoming a less desirable home for the Mission. In addition, Norfolk was a long way from important parts of the Mission's expanding work. In 1911 Bishop Wilson resigned his post, partly to make way for a newcomer willing to set up his headquarters in the Solomon Islands to the north, but the move to the Solomons was not finally completed until 1920. The Melanesian Mission Ordinance of 1923/4 finalised Mission affairs on Norfolk, and the Commonwealth bought the Mission lands.

The closing of the Mission did not of course leave the islanders, who today are mainly members of the Church of England, without a resident minister. Vicars are appointed from the mainland to serve the Anglican community.

All that now remains of the large Melanesian establishment of St. Barnabas are the St. Barnabas' Chapel (built as a memorial to Bishop Patteson, killed by natives at Nukapu, in the Solomons, in 1871) the vicarage, and a house once occupied by Bishop Wilson. A few beautiful and exotic trees are still standing in the vicinity of the chapel.

MISSION CEMETERY. The Mission cemetery—one of two cemeteries on Norfolk Island, and not now used—is beyond a swampy area to be found a little distance from the chapel, in the direction of Mission Road. Missionaries and mission workers, and many Melanesian boys who were being trained, lie buried

there. Some of the headstones are the work of Melanesian boys; this can sometimes be detected by the occasional reversed letters on the stones.

ST. BARNABAS' CHAPEL. St. Barnabas' Chapel was dedicated in 1880. The seats are carved and inlaid with Christian symbols in mother-o'-pearl, done in spare time by missionaries and boys. The stone came from Kingston. The four windows in the apse depicting the four evangelists, were given by the Dowager Lady Downe; the organ was presented by Miss Charlotte Yonge, who was Patteson's cousin; the Devonshire marble pavement extending the whole length of the church was given by Patteson's Devonshire friends, the reredos was the gift of Mrs. Gibbs; the tapestry hangings were sent by Mrs. Goodenough, widow of Commodore James Goodenough, a South Seas explorer; Bishop John Selwyn gave the lamps; the Misses Patteson supplied the Devonshire marble font; the rose window was given by friends in memory of the martyred members of the Mission, the lectern is of sandalwood from Erromanga, in the New Hebrides, where another missionary, John Williams, was killed.

"Outside one admires the hewn stone," wrote Florence Coombe in 1913, "but within you notice how large a part these dark-brown timbers play in the structure. The roof is an open one, and the supporting posts run down to the ground like shafts all around.

"The east end is rounded, or apsidal in form, and it is lighted by five small stained windows, designed by the great artist, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. They picture Our Lord in the midst of the four Gospel-writers. . . . Polished black and white marble paves the broad aisle leading to the sanctuary, which is naturally the most beautiful portion of the chapel, with its coloured marble floor, and glittering mosaic reredos screened with richly-carved wood.

"Gold and green hangings cover the wall on either hand, and our silken banner—crimson, and gold and white—rests against the south side. . . The green altar-frontal is finely embroidered, and glitters by candle-light as if with jewels. Above it you see in the centre a massive silver cross that has been made out of Bishop Patteson's own table-silver, and this is flanked by silver candlesticks and vases of flowers."

Not far from the chapel is the Mission pool. Marked by wild taro, the stream curves out to the cliffs and falls in a small

cascade into the sea. This waterfall and the surrounding area was called in Mission days "Kerepei"—meaning "mouth of the water" —a name given by the Melanesian boys.

LEGEND OF BARNEY DUFFY. A little further along is Barney Duffy's Gully. The name is an old one and the valley is shown on an early map as extending back towards the slopes of Mt. Pitt and not in the direction of the cliffs, as is generally believed today. The Barney Duffy legend probably grew from the story of an absconding prisoner, for it was not an uncommon thing, in penal days, for men to take to the bush, which was more plentiful and denser than at the present time.

Barney Duffy was supposed to have avoided capture for seven long years. His hiding-place was said to be an ancient hollow pine near the coast not far from the chapel. One day two young soldiers, who had been fishing down on the rocks in that area, came upon Barney Duffy as he wandered a little way from his tree-home.

An early version of the story describes in vivid language the meeting between the soldiers and Barney and the subsequent dramatic incidents:

"His beard was long and bedraggled, his matted hair fell half-way down his back, and only a few shreds of slip-cloth remained to cover his nakedness. A giant of a man, he towered above them, uttering a horrible curse: 'Take me or report me, ye red-coated, lily-livered lice! Aye! and then I'll hang—but hear me curse on ye. So surely as ye do this, before me corpse has hung a week on King's Town gallows, ye'll meet a violent death, the pair of ye.'

"The young men cocked their muskets, and marched this famous prize to the settlement. Barney Duffy was tried and in due course hanged.

"Once again the two soldiers set out to fish at the same locality. Two days after Barney Duffy was hanged on King's Town gallows, the battered bodies of the two soldiers were found floating backwards and forwards in the water lapping against the fishermen's rocks."

It was, anyhow, a good story, and it is still told today. There was a hollow tree to make the story even more fascinating, but this was burned down some years ago. Local legend ties up the headstone at Headstone Point (see p. 15) with the Barney Duffy story—it is said to have been erected to the two soldiers who

captured Barney and subsequently met their fate, but there is no evidence of this.

DOUGLAS DRIVE AND THE SITE OF ORANGE VALE. A little way up from the chapel towards Kingston, Anson Bay Road becomes Douglas Drive. The drive came into existence when the airstrip was laid down, and the airstrip also resulted in the disappearance of the site of Orange Vale, which was hereabouts during the Second Settlement. It was established by Commandant Morisset as a government farm around 1830.

Orange Vale appears on early maps and J. H. Maiden, in 1903, defined its locality: "The vale bears the name of Orange Vale to this day, but it has gone to ruin long ago. Approaching the Mission Station by the noble avenue of Norfolk Island Pines; one observes to the right, a second avenue of Pines descending to a gully. This is Orange Vale, but very few of the original plants (other than the Pines) are in existence now." It was a popular picnic spot.

The vale, in its prime, called forth remarks of admiration. Dr. Ullathorne wrote of it as "that delicious retreat". "There," he said, "by the broad-breasted English Oak, grow the delicate cinnamon tree, the tea, the coffee, the sugar plant, the nutritious arrowroot, the banana (with its long weeping streamers and creamy fruit), the fig, all tropical fruits in perfection, and the English vegetables in gigantic growth. The air is most pure, the sky most brilliant."

James Backhouse wrote: "In the afternoon, we accompanied the wife of Major Anderson, and some other persons, to the Commandant's garden, which is situated in a beautiful hollow, called Orange Vale. The Commandant joined us, at four o'clock, at dinner, under a spreading English Oak, that must have been planted at the earliest settlement of the Island, about fifty years ago, as it is as large as an oak would ordinarily be, in a century, in England. . . . In the garden at Orange Vale, Coffee, Bananas, Guavas, Grapes, Figs, Olives, Pomegranates, Strawberries, Loquats, and Melons, are cultivated successfully. Apples are also grown here, but they are poor and will not keep."

Today Orange Vale is a rather hard place to define as most of it was filled in to level off the drome area. Only a little piece at the end is left and there is now no stream, merely some occasional seepage at the bottom of Douglas Drive. The trees described

in the old accounts no longer exist. Beauty has given way to progress.

MISSION ROAD. As you ramble down Anson Bay Road from the chapel you find that Mission Road, which takes its name from the Melanesian Mission, branches off Anson Bay Road and heads inland. Along the flat on the right is the site of a Government Demonstration Farm, in operation from 1939 to 1947. A steep incline, lined by houses, goes to the top of the hill where the road meets Mt. Pitt Road.

Anson Bay Road twists and turns up hill and down, as it roughly follows the cliff tops towards Anson Bay itself, running for some distance between two forestry reserves. When you pass Bullocks Hut Road (which goes to the right) you are close to the coast; Anson Bay Road curves round the cliffs and finally brings you to the Bay itself. This is edged with a semi-circle of creamy sand and a good walking road zig-zags down the cliff.

ANSON BAY AREA. The beach is not noted for its shells, though frail scallops, less than an inch across and coloured in sunset shades of red, yellow and orange, occasionally reward the collector. A clump of rocks, "The Pulpit", stands at the water's edge, where the land drops suddenly away. Norfolk Islanders have never regarded Anson Bay as a safe swimming place. On a clear day the sea is green and blue and turquoise and all shades between; it breaks on the shore with whipped-up white foam. Land turbulence a long time ago has left some rock layers sloping crazily, and above, columns of basalt, dark and stark except for a few persevering grasses, form part of the cliffs.

In October, 1789, King cut the first road from the settlement at Kingston to Anson Bay, but presumably because of its distance from Sydney Bay, he did not establish an out-station there. The present road does not follow the original, which went via Mt. Pitt.

When James Backhouse visited Anson Bay in 1835, during the Second Settlement, he wrote: "This was formerly a landing place, but the sand has been washed away, and large stones remain, too rough for boats to venture upon. The road was chiefly through thick forest, overrun with luxuriant climbers. Among them was a Wistaria, with pea-flowers, of purple and green, and leaves something like those of the Ash. It hangs in festoons of twenty or thirty feet, from the limbs of the trees that support it. One of the most beautiful climbers of the island is

Ipomoea pendula, which has handsome, fingered foliage, and flowers like those of the Major Convolvulus, but of a rosy pink, with a darker tube."

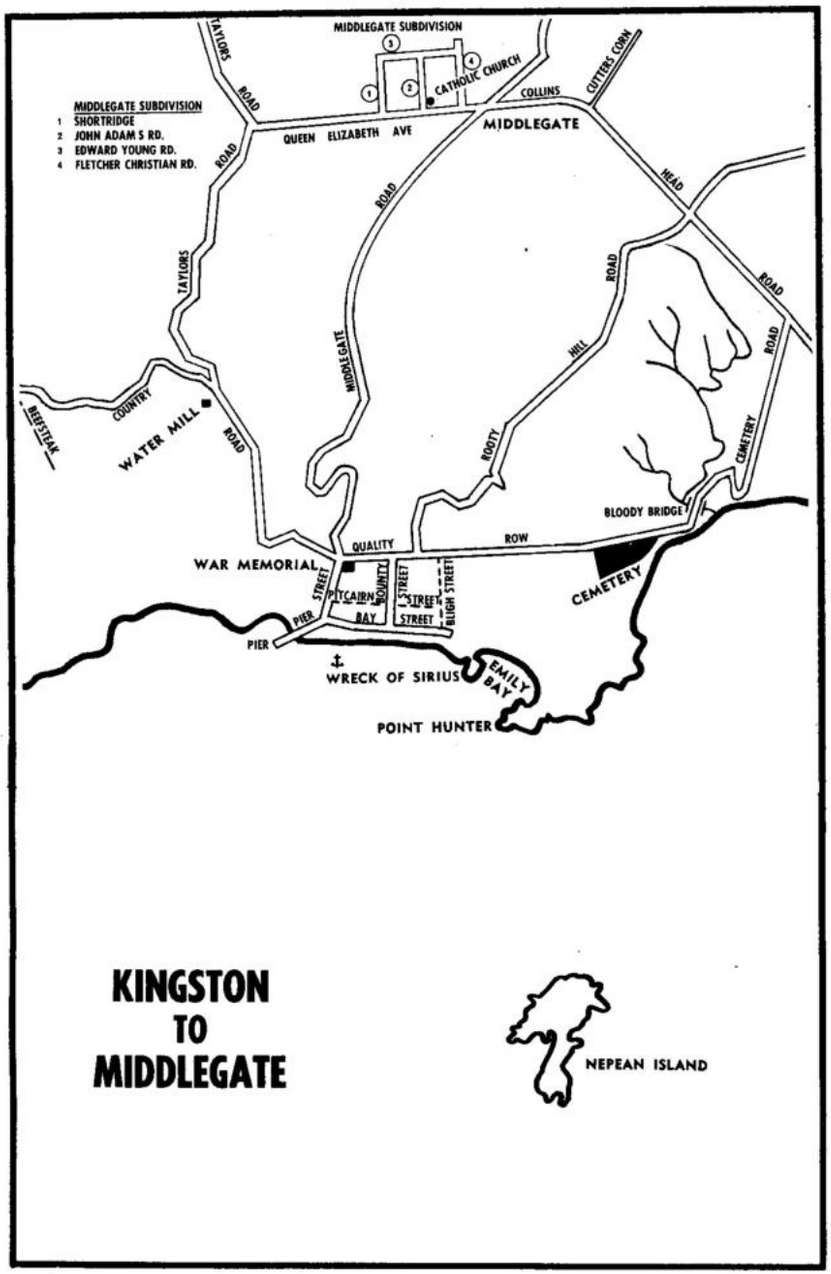
An event of far-reaching importance to Norfolk was the opening of the Pacific Cable Board's station at Anson Bay in 1902. From Vancouver the cable came via Fanning Island and Fiji to Norfolk, where it divided; one branch extending to Southport, Queensland, and the other to Auckland, New Zealand. The cable station, like the Melanesian Mission, brought an increase in the island's imports; provided work for some of the islanders; and, in a small way, became a door-step market for their produce. The cable station closed in December, 1962, after 60 years.

"At Anson Bay," remarked Robert M. Laing in 1912, "the heavy shingle on the beach is sometimes replaced by sand. . . . This spot was chosen for the shore end of the Pacific cable partly on account of the sand, as it was feared that boulders would chafe the cable. Shortly after the landing of the cable, some 10 years ago, the sand was replaced by boulders, which were still there at the time of my visit. Such changes as these indicate the violence of waves and currents along the coast."

A capstan still to be seen at the bottom of the cliffs was used when cables were being repaired.

Anson Bay Road curves around the cliffs above Anson Bay and passes through an open area with one of Norfolk's hotels on the one hand and a radio non-directional beacon on the other, cliff side. Houses line this section of the route, which is quite straight. A sharp bend to the left takes the road towards the cliffs, where it ends; but, just before it ends, a side road, grass-grown, though still serviceable, runs to Point Howe, where a lonely house stands on the cliff edge. The cliffs hereabouts are a breeding ground for Sombre Petrels; in late October and November these birds may be heard deep in their burrows moaning to themselves to pass away the time; their weird and mournful cries have earned them the local name "ghost birds". The rocks below are a popular fishing spot.

Before the bend to the left Bullocks Hut Road leaves the Anson Bay Road and goes inland through Bullocks Hut Flat and some good farmland to Duncombe Bay Road, where it takes a right-angled turn and runs back to meet again the Anson Bay Road. (See also the chapter on the Uplands, p. 45.)



Kingston and Bloody Bridge

KINGSTON owes its dignity as the island's capital to its accessibility from the sea. In 1788, after Philip Gidley King's week-long search to find a suitable landing place the master of the *Supply* found a break through the reef "large enough to admit two boats", and, on the beach above, King, as he put it, "resolved at once to fix, and felicitated myself on having found a place out where I could make a commencement."

At Kingston, too, the land slopes gently to the sea, making access to the interior a small exercise compared with the arduous climbing necessary on other parts of the coast.

So Sydney Bay became the headquarters for the First Settlement and has remained the administrative centre ever since.

Sydney Bay, during the First Settlement, apparently included all the area from Pt. Ross to Pt. Hunter, which took in what is now known as Emily Bay. The name Emily Bay was not used until the Second Settlement. King sometimes headed his letters, "Sydney, Norfolk Island". (For details see map centre pages.)

The Norfolk Island War Memorial, commemorating the dead of two world wars, stands at cross roads at the western end of Kingston. Four roads meet here. In from the west comes Country Road, from the old settlement of Longridge; Middlegate Road comes down from the heights above; Pier Street comes in from the jetty at Kingston, and Quality Row is Kingston's main street, and probably the most celebrated street on Norfolk.

COUNTRY ROAD. Country Road runs off from the west end of Quality Row round the foothills, passes over a bridge and heads uphill towards Longridge, where it meets New Farm Road near the end of the old Pine Avenue. This road appears on early maps as one of the highways to Longridge Farm and to Anson Bay. It did in fact run into Anson Bay Road where one arm of the airstrip is now. At the junction of Country Road and New Farm Road a cul-de-sac with a few houses leads down to "Beefsteak".

But the main interest in Country Road is to be found after a pleasant walk of 15 minutes or so up Country Road from Kingston, which brings you to Watermill Valley, one of the oldest settlements on Norfolk. The mill, after which this area was named, is not far from the corner of Taylor's Road and Country Road.

THE WATERMILL. Soon after King arrived to establish the First Settlement he cleared this valley, named it Arthur's Vale, and established in it a few prisoners to cultivate crops. Later he added a watermill. The streams at that time were much bigger and there must have been a good flow of water coming down from the uplands. When a hurricane hit the island in February, 1789, the valley flooded and "had every appearance of a large navigable river". The valley still floods in severe storms.

A watermill again functioned here during the Second Settlement, and, after the Pitcairners came, the area was leased to James Dawe, a miller, who was sent out from England to join the community. The mill ruins and the broken walls of the mill-pond are still standing. They were renovated in 1969.

All the surrounding area was under cultivation at different times; where cattle now browse and wild iris chokes the "drain" green crops flourished and hard-driven men tilled the soil.

KINGSTON SILOS. Middlegate Road is the main highway between Kingston and the uplands. Leaving the war memorial in Quality Row, the road rises steeply, to curve around a spur a couple of hundred feet up and run on to Middlegate, about 400 ft above sea level. On the right near the first big curve are the remains of some silos constructed during the Second Settlement. (Refer to the map on the centre pages.)

"On the hill, at the back of the Church of England," wrote J. H. Maiden, who saw them in 1902, "are nine very large brick silos, locally known as 'Mummies', with a deep protecting drain. These were used for the storage of grain, and it would be interesting to know when they were constructed."

Major Thomas Bunbury, Commandant in 1839, recorded the construction of "two selos", placed on "high rising ground".

"I determined," he wrote later, "to make two selos to protect the grain from the ravages of the weevil, capable of containing, I think it was, six months supply for the settlement. They were shaped like the inside of a large jar, about 12 feet in diameter at the base, and gradually widening towards the mouth of the

pit. The only brickwork was the dome at the top, the sides not requiring any support. . . .

"Our engineer managed the frame-work very cleverly, but merely with earth dug out of a circular trench about eighteen inches deep, thrown inwards and patted down to the proper shape, correcting it with a flat piece of board hollowed out to the form.

"On this earth the dome was built with brick, with a large moveable key-stone or plug. When the brickwork was properly set, the key-stone was removed, and well-tackling placed over it, and the excavation commenced. The earth, when drawn up, was thrown over the sides so as to cover the brickwork."

THE PIER. During the early days of the Second Settlement a landing place was established at Sydney Bay at a point beside the site of the present pier. Clustered around the landing place in 1829 was a group of stone buildings including a guard house, granary, boat shed and store. Farther back were a barn, carpenters' shop, gaol, hospital and civil officers' quarters. In Major Bunbury's time the pier was being reconstructed and the 1842 map shows its outline with a beacon at the far end.

The Royal Engineer's Office, completed in 1851, and probably the last addition to the waterfront structures, is still in excellent condition.

The name Pier Street does not appear on early maps, nor on the latest; but the street itself runs from the Kingston Jetty to Quality Row. The main gateway of the New Prison faces into this street, and inside its walls the ruins of the low and narrow Pentagonal Prison and other prison quarters lie covered by grass-grown mounds. You may still see the outlines of the cramped Pentagonal Prison cells.

Opposite what is known as Gallow's Gate there are the ruins of the old hospital, and behind this, farther up the hill, are two buildings, one a little stone cottage, and the other, hidden beneath the pines, built of timber. It is generally believed on Norfolk that the stone cottage was the birthplace of William Charles Wentworth, the famous New South Wales statesman. Wentworth's father, D'Arcy Wentworth, was an assistant at the hospital on the island in 1790 and later became superintendent of convicts. However, like a number of similar instances of Norfolk history (such as the stories of Bloody Bridge and Barney Duffy's tree) there

is not enough evidence to support populár belief. Some versions say that Wentworth was born in the hospital and others that he was born in the timber house beneath the pines. But recent research has revealed that Wentworth arrived on Norfolk with his mother, Catherine Crowley, and his father, D'Arcy Wentworth, in the *Surprize,* on August 7, 1790. The hospital ruins date from the Second Settlement. When Captain Turton arrived to start the Second Settlement in 1825 he found Kingston in a state "of perfect ruin" and proceeded to build a temporary gaol and store from the remaining walls.

QUALITY ROW. The name of Quality Row is an old one, and appears in early surveyors' books. Around 1900 the street appeared on the map as Quality Road, and in 1926 it was still marked under that name, though called Quality Row by the people. On the 1934 map, however, it was marked Quality Row.

A short, straight road, it contains the largest group of convict-built structures in good repair; most are in use as Administration offices and some are occupied as residences. Several structures, however, are in ruins.

All these buildings date from the Second Settlement and many of them were occupied by Pitcairners and their descendants from 1856 until 1908.

Starting at the west end of the Row, near the war memorial, the first building to be seen is All Saint's Church, formerly the Commissariat Store, which was erected in 1835, when Major Joseph Anderson was Commandant. It is generally believed that this building is the one in which the Pitcairners held their first Thanksgiving service on their arrival from Pitcairn in 1856 but according to Pastor Nobbs the service was held in "an upper room in the soldiers' barracks". It is not known which barracks this was. The Commissariat Store has been used by the Church of England community as a church since 1874.

Next door is the Military Barracks building, erected in 1836, which now houses several Administration departments including the secretariat, post office, and court house. The Norfolk Island Council chambers are on the third storey, and the library and bond store are in buildings close by. The Administration offices, library, bond and gaol form a group which is enclosed by a thick high wall, bulging at the four corners into little bays conveniently slotted for sentries' muskets.

Other slots and niches are cut into the wall at regular intervals. A large gateway leads from Quality Row.

Handy to the Military Barracks is the Officers' Bath, at the rear of which is the area used as a parade ground during the Second Settlement. Sixteen stone steps lead down into a rectangular enclosure containing a low bath of reasonable proportions hewn from limestone. The bath is fed by a good stream running through a curved duct lined with limestone blocks. The stream runs under Quality Row to the sea.

ROOTY HILL ROAD. Rooty Hill Road leaves Quality Row on the left and runs up behind Kingston like a deep wound in the hillside. In early prints and paintings of the settlement this road is clearly shown snaking up to the plateau through well-cleared country. From here there are fine views over Kingston. The junction of Rooty Hill Road and Collins Head Road was once marked by Rooty Hill Gate, but no trace of this is left.

Where Rooty Hill Road leaves Quality Row there is the Government store, formerly the Old Military Barracks. In 1885 the Methodists were given permission to repair it and use it as a church, which they did for many years.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE. Nearly opposite, in Quality Row, is Government House, an imposing building standing on a slight rise in spacious grounds, erected early in the Second Settlement.

Commandants, merciful and harsh, have lived there with their wives, families and attendants; and, since the arrival of the Pitcairners in 1856, visiting Governors, Chief Magistrates, Administrators and other important persons.

In common with the other Kingston buildings, it has its own history and romantic associations. No sentries pace now, as they did long ago, before its forbidding exterior, accented with barred windows and surrounded by an aura of uneasy authority. All is serene, and browsing cattle trample heedlessly over fields once laboriously cultivated with much sweat and bitter loathing under the overseer's critical eye.

The dwelling on the right enclosed by a wall was once the home of the Catholic priest. The Church of England clergyman and his family resided further along on the other side of the street.

The golf links take up a bare piece of ground bounded by Quality Row, Government House, a reserve and the shore. This

area, in the early days of the Second Settlement, was partly occupied by the soldiers' gardens and the garrison farm; the garrison itself was adjacent to Government House, and a "loose stone wall" ran past the soldiers' gardens and ended on the shore at Cemetery Bay. Right out on Point Hunter, where its blades would catch the maximum amount of wind, stands a windmill tower, constructed at a later period. The blades, of course, are now missing, and the tower has become just another landmark.

KINGSTON CEMETERY. Only a stone's throw from the sea is the cemetery, from which the bay takes its name; the road also, for somewhere round here Quality Row relinquishes its place on the map and Cemetery Road appears.

The cemetery, the convict-built structures and roads are almost all that remain of the two penal settlements for the history-conscious visitor to see; Norfolk's historical documents are not to be found on the island; they are in other lands, housed in the various official repositories.

Norfolk has two cemeteries; this one at Kingston and one at the Melanesian Mission. The latter was reserved for Mission workers and Melanesians, and is now not used. It is reported that occasionally people were buried in other places; one instance occurred at the turn of the century when a baby, the child of a prominent mainlander, was buried on its father's property at Mt. Pitt.

Kingston's cemetery has been in use since King's time. Here high officers and humble convicts, ruthless insurgents and their victims, Pitcairn patriarchs and strangers, lie in serene surroundings. Close by, the monotonous surges of the sea perpetually rise and fall. On a cold and windy day this area is a melancholy place.

On entering the gates you pass first through the new section of the cemetery, which is well-kept and bright with flowers. Conspicuous on the surrounding headstones are the *Bounty* names, Christian, Quintal, Adams, Young and McCoy, and the Pitcairn names, Nobbs, Buffett and Evans.

A weathered stone marks the resting place of "Dinah, widow of Edward Quintal and eldest daughter of John Adams of the *Bounty*," who died in 1864. A large cross heads the grave of the Rev. George Hunn Nobbs, "who was for 55 years the faithful pastor of the Pitcairn and Norfolk Island community and was taken to his rest on the fifth day of November in the

eighty-fifth year of his age." Pastor Nobbs, who died in 1884, came with the Pitcairners to Norfolk. He had gone to Pitcairn in 1828 and had become the people's first ordained pastor.

During the 1920's two of Norfolk's Administrators died in office and were buried here. They were Major-General V. C. M. Sellheim, who was in charge of the island from January, 1927, to January, 1928, and his successor, Mr. Justice C. E. Herbert, who died in 1929 only six months after he had arrived on the island.

Nearer the seaward fence is the pre-Pitcairn (1856) section of the cemetery where the monuments vary from mere broken stumps of headstones to massive built-up tombs. There is a surprising variety in the epitaphs: some are quaint, some melancholy, others effusive, and many include verses of a moral nature. The words carved above some of the prisoners executed for "mutiny" are brief and badly-cut as though done by amateur stonemasons, perhaps by friends of the victims.

The clarity and apparent freshness of some of the early inscriptions are due to the attentions of stonemasons who have visited Norfolk in recent years and done restoration work.

Several headstones record the execution of young prisoners in September, 1834, for their part in a revolt, one of the most serious in the island's history, which took place in January that year.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock on the morning of January 15 a rush was made on the guard, which at that time took over the gaol gang, consisting of about 30 prisoners. Meanwhile an unusual number of prisoners reported sick and were taken to the hospital under the escort of an overseer. There they broke out of the lock-up, in which they had been detained for examination by the surgeon, and overpowered and confined the attendants and some of the patients. They then knocked off each other's irons, armed themselves with whatever they could gather in the way of weapons, and, joined by the convicts from the sawpits and neighbouring places, combined in the attack on the soldiers.

The alarm was given, a reinforcement hurried from the barracks and dispersed the convicts, killing two and wounding eleven. Seven of those wounded died later of their injuries.

In the meantime a crowd of prisoners broke away from the agricultural station at Longridge, and, armed with suitable im-

plements from the toolhouse, ran down to Kingston to join their accomplices. They arrived to face the fire of the military, merely added to the confusion, and apparently were no help to anybody. In a few hours the uprising was over. Twenty-nine of the 55 prisoners tried for the outbreak were capitally convicted and 13 were eventually executed in the presence of their fellows; some on September 22 and the rest on September 23. Today the headstones remain of only half-a-dozen men of the 13 hanged.

Many drowning accidents are recorded. Some of the victims were drowned while out fishing; others died when their boats overturned "crossing the bar".

Not far from the graves of a group of prisoners executed while still in their twenties you will find the grave of Thos. Saulsbury Wright, who died in 1843 at the age of 105.

The earliest visible headstone in the cemetery is that of Thomas Headington, who died in 1798. Undoubtedly many earlier stones have been covered by the high wall of sand in the far corner which has drifted in from Cemetery Bay.

BLOODY BRIDGE. Beyond the cemetery the road curves inland, past what only recently has been called "Music Valley", and up to meet Collins Head Road. But, before the steep ascent, there's Bloody Bridge.

Bloody Bridge! Two words heavy with dark associations! This bridge, the largest on the island, has been repaired several times through the years; it spans a typically island stream; with little water during the summer and a fine rivulet in winter.

The Bloody Bridge story, which is of uncertain origin, concerns a harsh overseer, beaten to death by vindictive prisoners and walled up in the bridge's masonry, through which the telltale blood seeped, leading to detection, and prompt execution. They were, according to the story, buried in a mass grave outside the cemetery grounds. There are several variations on this most fascinating theme.

Historical Records of Australia, an official source of Norfolk's penal history, does not include the incident from which the bridge takes its name. Today the whole thing is regarded as a colourful tale and nothing more, although it was once accepted without question.

J. J. Spruson mentioned the story in passing and included a view of the bridge in his *Norfolk Island: Outline of its History,* published in 1885.

Rosalind Young, in *Mutiny of the Bounty,* gave an interesting version of the story, founded on hearsay. "An eyewitness related how, one day, when a gang of convicts was constructing a bridge over a stream, one of them murdered a constable who was in charge of the gang. From this dreadful act the scene of the murder received its name, and the 'Bloody Bridge' stands, a lasting monument of the awful crime committed there."

On the same page she referred to a large mound outside the cemetery, but did not connect it with the Bloody Bridge episode. "At one place, outside the burying ground, was shown a mound several feet in length, where mouldered the dust of thirteen men who were hung, for some dreadful crime, on the trees above, while their open grave yawned beneath them," she wrote. In most versions of the story the substance of these two passages is fused, with vivid effect.

An article, written under the nom de plume "Broad Arrow", which appeared in the October, 1912, issue of Fitchett's *Life,* contains this moving passage: "Just outside the cemetery wall, with the leg-irons still protruding above the surface, is the place of burial of twenty-five convicts who brutally put one of the warders to a lingering death at a place which is still called the Bloody Bridge."

Percy J. Marks, in his book *Norfolk Island and the Bounty Mutiny* gave the Bloody Bridge murder a date—1841—but this seems to have been a relatively peaceful year. Captain Alexander Maconochie was then Commandant and in the most important accounts of his term, Bloody Bridge is conspicuous by its absence. But it is a fact that after the rebellion of July 1, 1846, in which four officials were killed, 12 men were executed in October and buried in a mass grave outside the cemetery. The site of the grave is not known.

There *is* a mound outside the seaward fence at the Kingston cemetery, a long mound, which, in local stories, is still associated with the Bloody Bridge story.

At the head of this mound is an old headstone, badly weathered, but it is illegible and apparently it was put on the mound in comparatively recent times. A photograph of the mound, described then as "Murderers' Mound", taken at Norfolk by the Bishop of Tasmania, the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, in 1892, shows no headstone. Nobody remembers now how the mound got its headstone, and nobody knows for sure just what connection, if

any, it has with the Bloody Bridge. Or, indeed, if the bridge ever was bloody. Perhaps we may never know.

But back now for a closer look at Kingston.

OLD KINGSTON ROADS. There are several roads in the Kingston area which over the years have fallen into disuse and had their names forgotten—if ever they had names. Others are still being used but under different names or with no name at all. Traces of old roads may in fact be still seen in many parts of the island and the rambler will stumble on them here and there—roads that start from nowhere and go to no place—yet with colourful histories of their own if only we knew them.

Mill Road was in use in comparatively recent times and is shown on the 1934 map as a link between the south end of Pier Street and Country Road. A small stretch edged by a stone wall is about all that remains of it now.

Bay Street, not now shown on the maps, begins near the Kingston pier and runs for some distance along the shore, curving up behind the old lime kiln and finishing above Emily Bay. A seawall accompanies it part of the way. Much of this area has been planted and dedicated as Wordsworth Park, after Major-Gen. R. H. Wordsworth, a former Administrator of Norfolk.

Bounty Street is still in use; its route is marked on the map, though the name has been dropped. A short, straight street, it runs from Quality Row across an old bridge to Bay Street. In penal days the Protestant Church, lumber yard and sawpits were situated in this street and their ruins may still be seen.

A row of cottages formerly occupied by free overseers and later by Pitcairners, extended from half-way along Bounty Street in the direction of Pier Street, but these buildings have long since been demolished. The name Bounty Street dates from the settlement of the Pitcairners.

Though Bligh Street's route still appears on the map, the name has been deleted and little trace of the street itself remains. It ran from Quality Row to Bay Street adjacent to the west fence of Government House grounds, and parallel with Bounty Street. The name is also linked with Pitcairn history.

Both the name and the position of Pitcairn Street have been deleted from present-day maps, and this old thoroughfare has been absorbed into the open area of Common land. Pitcairn Street, which was a continuation of Mill Road, ran from Pier Street to Bligh Street, parallel with Bay Street.

SWIMMING AT SLAUGHTER BAY. The beach fronting the pier end of Bay Street is called Slaughter Bay. A small, rocky headland separates it from Emily Bay. Slaughter Bay, though lacking trees for shade, is still a favourite swimming place, and, near the pier at low tide, it is possible to walk out on dry reef to the long arm of the outer reef protecting the lagoon. The broken surfaces near the shore exposed at low tide are good places to find shells; cowries, strombs and cones are but a few of the many types of shells found here. The pools hold anemones, sea-hares, starfish and their myriad companions. Coral, in all shapes and patterns, and of various colours, may be seen.

Directly ahead, about four miles out, is Philip Island; the play of sunlight and cloud-shadow on its arid, jagged contours highlighting or muting the glowing reds, rich browns and purples, and warm ochres, and composing ever-changing patterns of colour. To the left is Nepean Island; somewhat level and pleasantly green; not so far away as Philip yet effectually severed from Norfolk by a stretch of turquoise sea; its birds may be noticed soaring on their various excursions or landing on the cliffs. See separate chapters for descriptions of these.

WRECK OF THE "SIRIUS". The first salt house was erected near the pier end of Bay Street, on the sea front outside the New Gaol; the second salt house, still standing, is on the extreme west edge of Emily Bay. Out on the reef towards the pier Captain Hunter's vessel, the *Sirius,* was wrecked in 1790 and here, during the Second Settlement, prisoners wearing chains quarried stone, working up to their waists in water. Violent deeds and moments of horror have mocked the beauty of this bright seascape. All Kingston had heard at one time or another the dreaded sounds of military fire directed against rioting prisoners and wild cries of alarm; the harsh oaths of ruthless overseers and the despairing groans of men labouring in chains.

And there are still relics of the *Sirius* to be seen on Norfolk today—two of her guns, somewhat pitted, are mounted in the courtyard of the Administrative block, facing the reef which claimed her. Also there, is a gun from the *Bounty.* (The anchor from *Sirius,* not raised until 1906, stands in Macquarie Place, Sydney).

The *Sirius* played an important part in Australia's and Norfolk's history, for she was the flagship of the First Fleet, whose people colonised Australia. *Sirius,* accompanied by the *Supply,* left

Sydney Cove for Norfolk in March, 1790, with a big party of marines, convicts and children of convicts. The party was bigger than otherwise would have been sent because food was short in the infant Australian colony and Governor Phillip sought to have fewer mouths to feed in Sydney.

The *Sirius* struck the reef on the morning of Friday, March 19, but all were saved. She broke up so slowly that it was not until two years later that she finally disappeared. Unfortunately the wreck of the *Sirius* meant that food was also in short supply for a time on Norfolk, for more than 80 members of the crew now also had to be fed. The crew were on Norfolk for 11 months.

EMILY BAY. Emily Bay, a crescent of golden sand backed by beach-grass and pines, bears a gentle, old-fashioned name. Future research will doubtless determine just who Emily was and the circumstances that bequeathed her name to this sheltered bay. In an old surveyor's book Emily's grave is marked on the west side of the bay, adjacent to the new salt house.

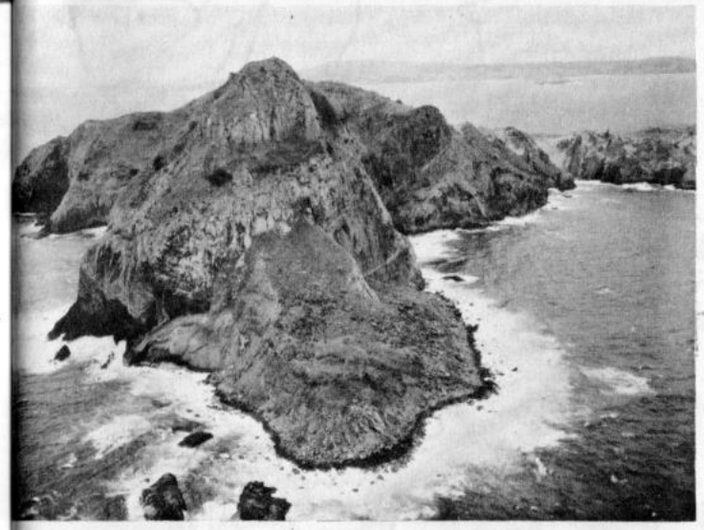
On early maps the bay was marked Sandy Bay, but by the late 1830's had acquired its present title.

Here, in the 1920's, a band of Norfolk Islanders constructed the 60 ft *Resolution,* 29 tons net, made of local timber brought to the site and laboriously pitsawn. She was Norfolk's effort at establishing her own merchant marine. The channel through the reef was deepened to allow the vessel to reach the outer sea, and the *Resolution* sailed off to New Zealand, carrying, in addition to her crew and a cargo of the island's choicest fruit, the high hopes and prayers of the people. Unfortunately she made no money from her regular passages to Auckland and she was eventually sold and ended her days 20 years later in the New Hebrides.

The first large vessel ever built at Norfolk has a more famous place in history. This was the sloop *Norfolk,* of 25 tons, built in 1798, also of Norfolk pine, as a means of sending despatches to Sydney when ships were in short supply. On her first voyage to Sydney she was ordered to be fitted out to take Matthew Flinders and George Bass, and a crew, to look for a suspected strait below Australia. Bass Strait was discovered and the Norfolk-built *Norfolk* became the first vessel to circumnavigate what is now Tasmania.

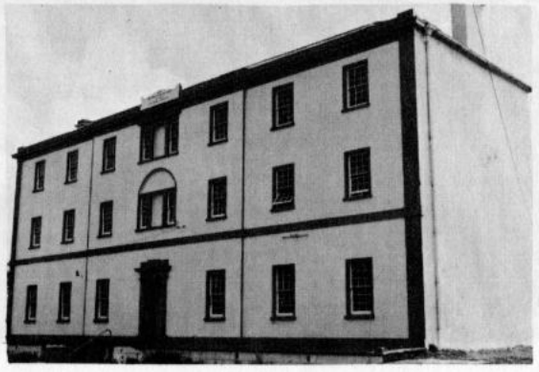
Kingston today and as it was towards the end of last century (below). Many of the original buildings have now gone, particularly along the waterfront, and in recent years there has been much work done to preserve what are left. Nepean Island can be seen in the top picture.

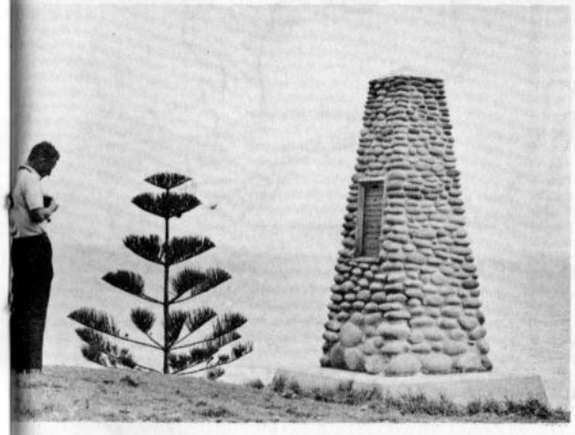
Two young island girls in Bounty Day costume at Kingston. On Bounty Day the islanders re-enact the landing from Pitcairn in 1856.

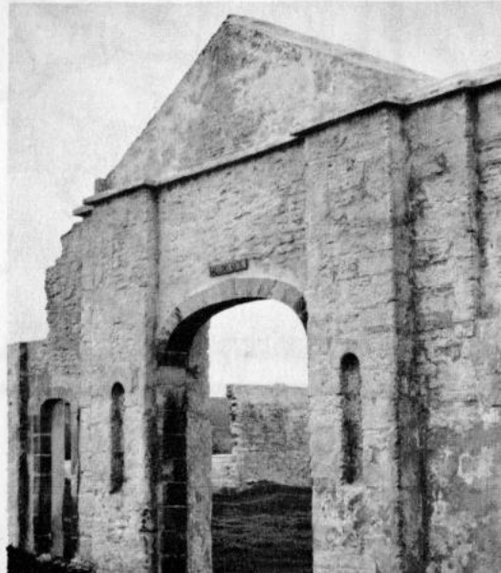


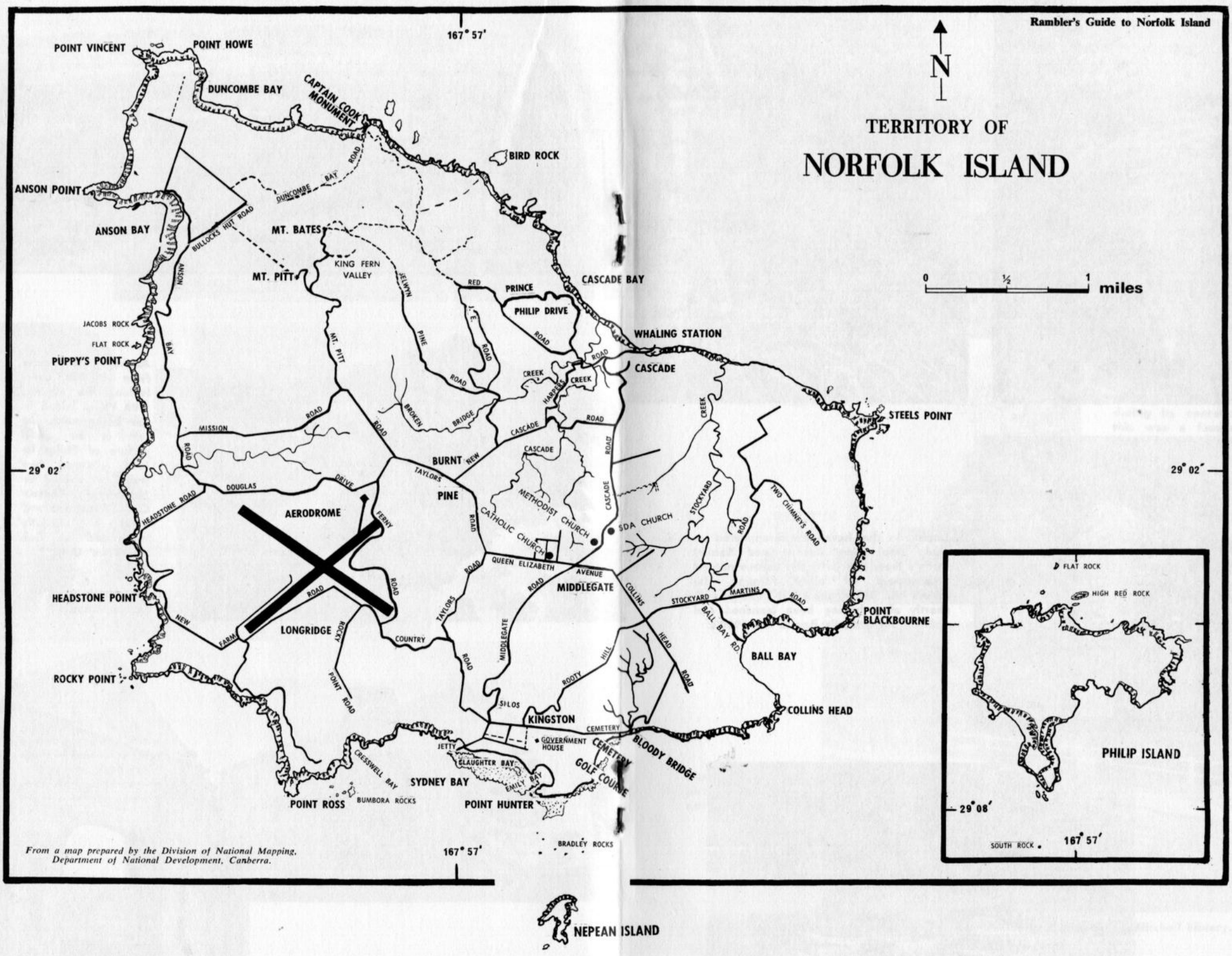
Above, the view from Mt. Pitt, overlooking the airport, with Philip Island in the background. At left is an aerial picture of Philip Island. Below, two points of special interest—the Captain Cook Monument and what is officially recognised as Gallows' Gate.

Above, The Arches, sometimes called The Stables, and at right, one of the Kingston convict buildings—the old military barracks.

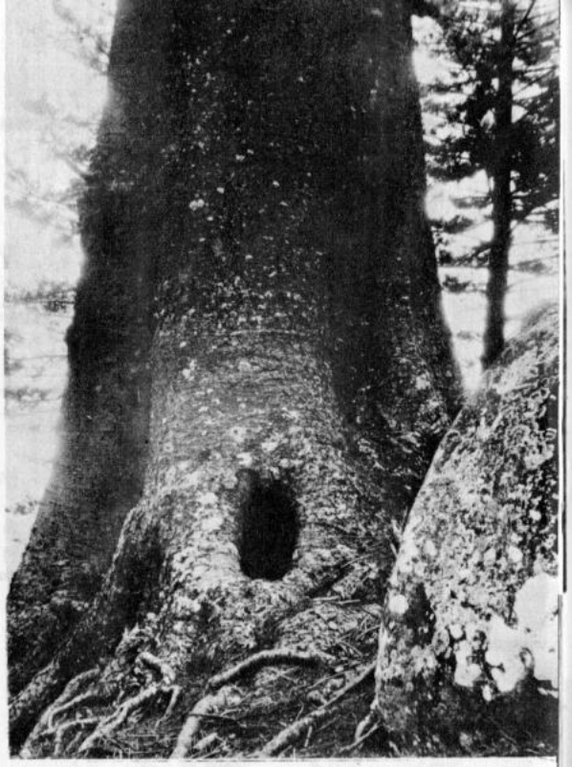




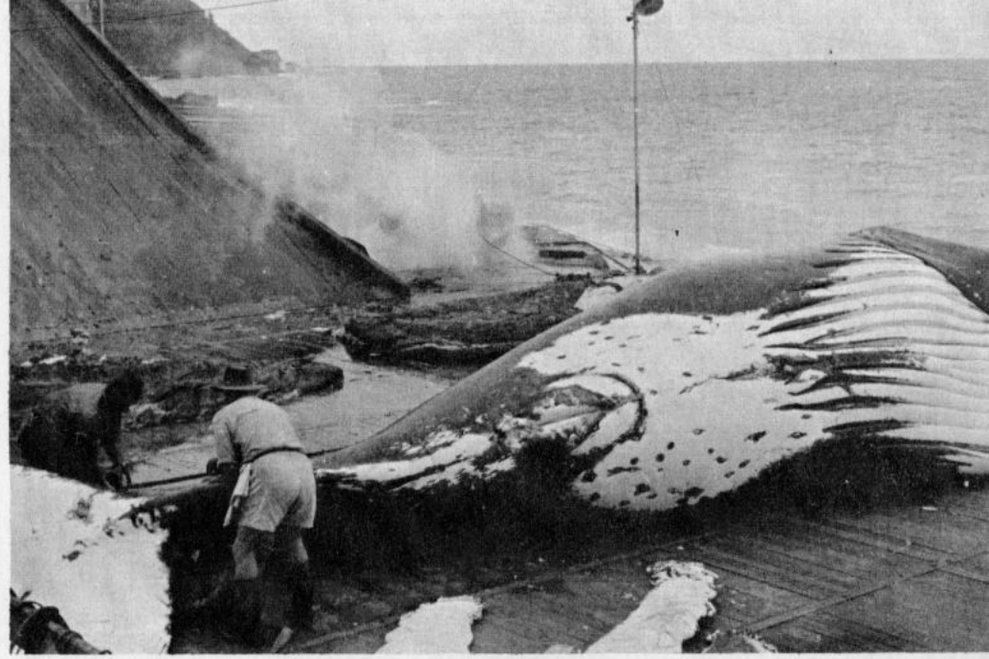


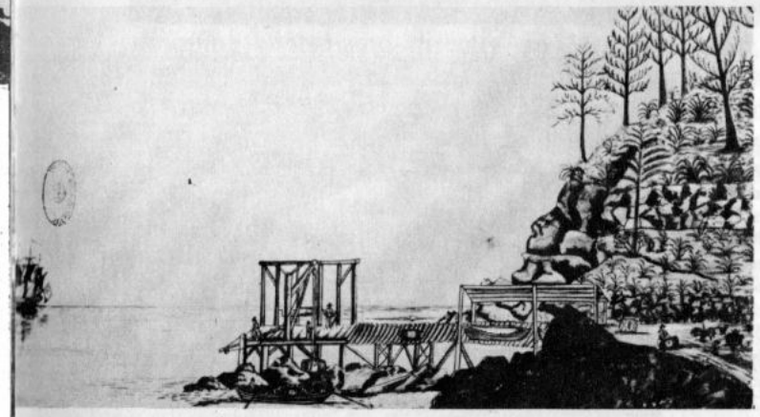


From a map prepared by the Division of National Mapping, Department of National Development, Canberra.

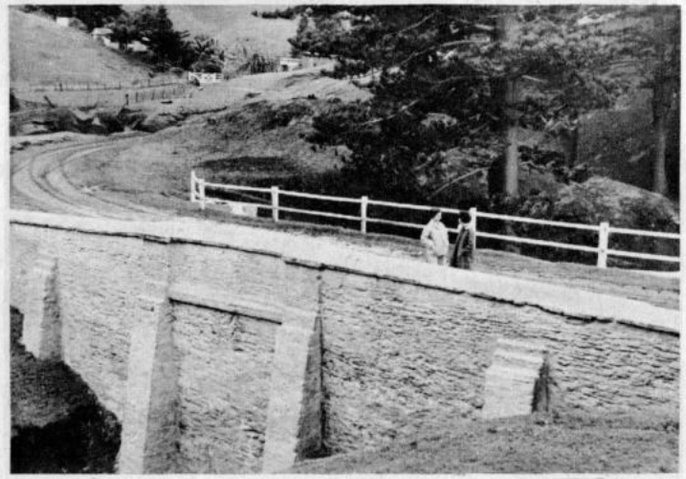


Landmarks that have now disappeared include (top) Pine Avenue and Barney Duffy's Tree, and (left) this unique natural arrangement of pines forming the initials NI. Below, the 60 ft "Resolution", shortly after having been launched and fitted out in Emily Bay in the 1920's.





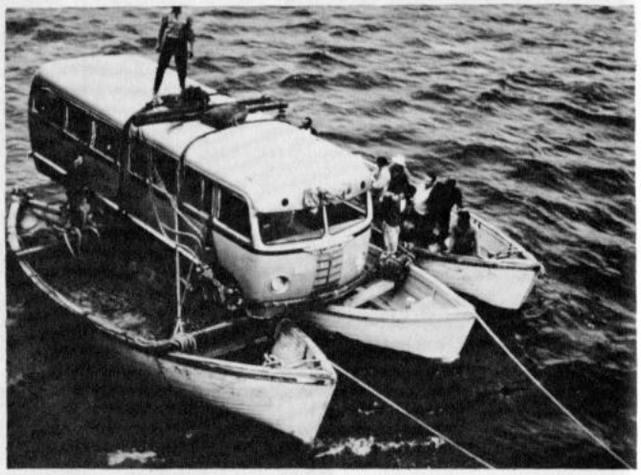
The Cascade whaling factory closed down some years ago, but during its operation this was a familiar scene. At left, nearby Cascade Jetty around 1794, after King's improvements.



Bloody Bridge is in a picturesque setting, not far from Kingston.

Photo credits: Dept. of Territories, Qantas, Pacific Islands Monthly, Mitchell Library, Ray Hoare.

Completed in 1880, the famous St. Barnabas Chapel is a must for visitors, who will also want to set aside several hours for a study of the historic tombstones in the Kingston Cemetery (below). Among the contrasts to be found on fascinating Norfolk is this picture of a bus being towed ashore by the island's skilled boatmen. Norfolk has no overseas wharf; cargo is handled by lighters.



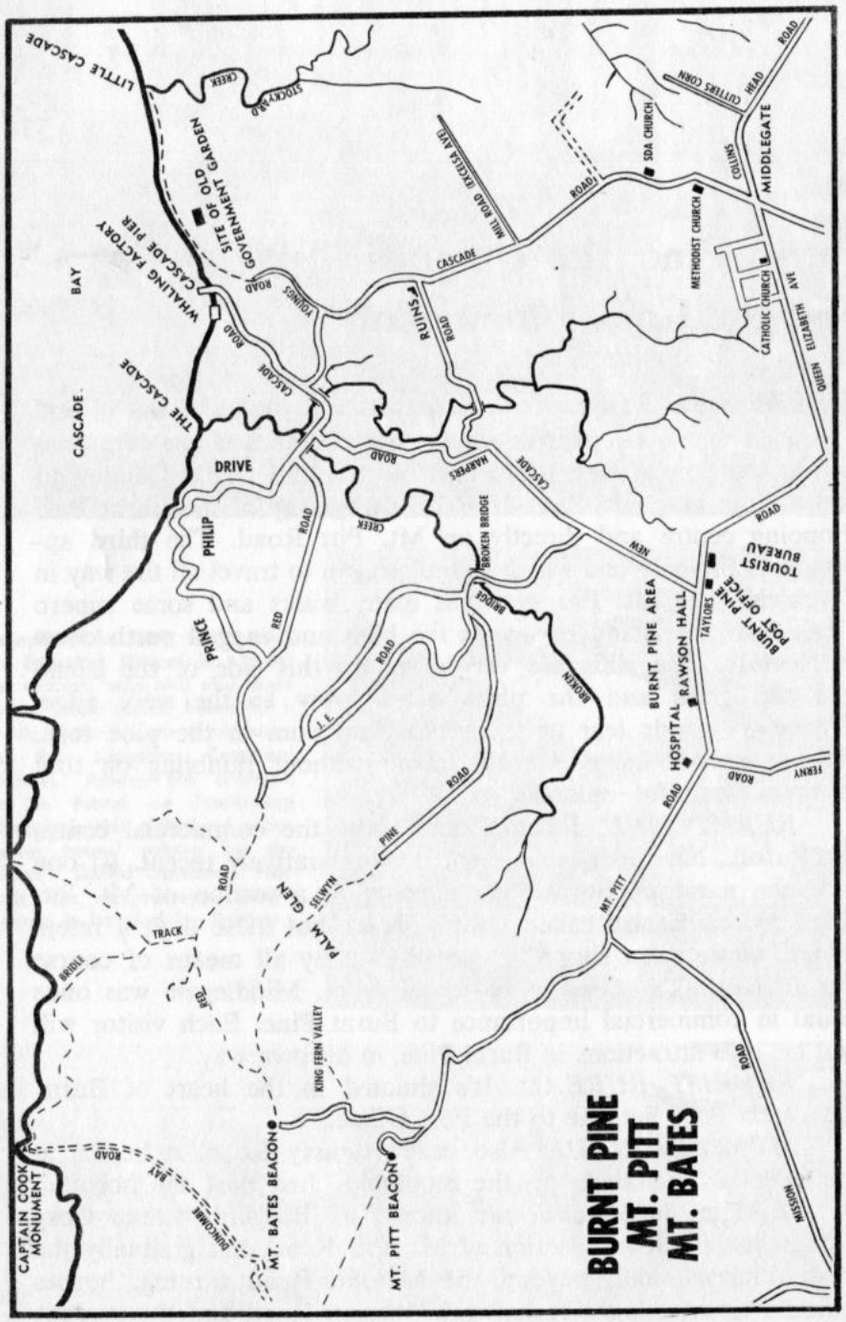
Burnt Pine, the Uplands and the Cook Monument

THERE ARE THREE routes to Mt. Pitt and Mt. Bates, and each one is of interest—and each means a climb. You can go via Duncombe Bay Road and the Captain Cook Monument; you can go via New Cascade Road or by way of the Burnt Pine shopping centre and directly up Mt. Pitt Road. The third approach is the only one which will allow you to travel all the way in a vehicle. The Mt. Pitt area has many walks and some superb views over the island or across the high and rugged north coast of Norfolk. The cliffs are very steep on this side of the island and the grass and the pines often grow to the very edge. Frequently winds tear at the visitor and hum in the pine tops. Nobody should leave Norfolk Island without rambling on foot in these beautiful uplands.

BURNT PINE. Burnt Pine is now the commercial centre of Norfolk, but this development is comparatively recent. At one time the name of Burnt Pine referred to a section of Mt. Pitt Road, which is also called Grassy Road, but these days it refers to the whole main shopping centre. Not by all means of course are all Norfolk's shops to be found there. Middlegate was once equal in commercial importance to Burnt Pine. Each visitor will find his own attractions in Burnt Pine, in his own way.

TOURIST BUREAU. It's situated in the heart of Burnt Pine, next door but one to the Post Office.

MT. PITT ROAD. Also called Grassy Road, it begins at the hospital and leads up the mountain. Just past the hospital, on the right, is a cul-de-sac known as Burglar's Lane. Cosy homes line the lower section of Mt. Pitt Road, but gradually the bush thickens, and, beyond the Mission Road turning, houses dwindle away. Half-way between Mission Road and the summit of Mt. Pitt a short blind road on the left leads to Pop Rock.



Soon the bush grows closer, encroaching on the road, and the last home is left behind. The road winds up the mountainside, with palms and pines overhead. The sea is not always visible, often the view is curtailed, the road edge becomes obscured by bush and it is sometimes impossible to judge where the valley starts to fall away. On either side is a luxuriant tangle in which ferns, palms and vines predominate in all shades of green from the palest and fairest to darkest and dullest. The soil beneath is rich; the best top-soil produced by millions of rotted plants. It is chocolate brown, and very fine; just a powdery deposit.

MTS PITT AND BATES. And now the road curves towards Mt. Bates, from which point glorious views of Norfolk, Philip and Nepean are obtained. Walking towards Mt. Bates you may turn off on the right to see the beautiful ferns in King Fern Valley. Both Mt. Pitt and Mt. Bates are the crater-rim remnants of a long-extinct volcano; both are just over 1,000 ft above sea-level and both carry navigational beacons.

At the summit of Mt. Pitt is a small open area commanding a view of the whole island. On a clear day, and most Norfolk days are clear, the panorama is something to remember. To the south stand Philip and Nepean; from this distance Nepean looks flat and uninteresting, but the wild volcanic colours of Philip are impressive against the skyline.

It is good to look out now, past the pines, dark green and majestic even from this height; past the scattered or clustered houses and shops, past the red winding roads, and past the rind of cliffs to the sea. It is here, with all Norfolk spread out below that one finally realises what it is to live on a small island. From this height Norfolk appears tiny, and the sea, stretching unbroken to the horizon, immensely wide.

To this may be added a further thought; where the eye cannot reach, for hundreds of miles, there is nothing but sea. No blue hills break the distance; no cities surging with noisy traffic wait round the corner; no highways lead to friendly little picnic spots or week-end houses 20 miles up the river. This is Norfolk; an isolated mound in the Pacific; and the mainland is no closer than 500 miles.

Look round now, look far round. Starting from Philip and Nepean, you note Kingston, the airstrip and Headstone; closer in and nearer is Anson Bay; then the thick forest over Duncombe

Bay; Palm Glen; Cascade; Steel's Point and back to Kingston. In less than a minute the main points may be checked, but you may pass a long summer hour in gazing and still leave with regret.

From Mt. Pitt a track has been cut through the Forestry Reserve down to the Reserve gate on Bullocks Hut Road. This is a well-marked track because, except for a short stretch at the top, it follows the route of the power lines from Mt. Pitt to Anson Bay. The Bullocks Hut gate should be closed after entering or leaving the Reserve.

It was somewhere on Mt. Pitt, while searching for a suitable landing-place in early March, 1788, that Lieutenant King and his companions became lost "in impassable woods and deep hollows". One of the first "roads" cut on the island, from Sydney Bay to Mt. Pitt and to Anson Bay, was completed in October, 1789.

In 1790, after the wreck of the *Sirius,* the Norfolk people toiled nightly up the mountain to catch the petrels then nesting in their thousands, and the birds made a welcome addition to the meagre rations issued from the government store. An early account of the mountain says: "At or near Mount Pitt rises a strong and copious stream, which, flowing through a very fine valley, divides itself into several branches each of which contains sufficient force to be used in turning mills."

James Backhouse, on April 8, 1835, described the mountain: "In company with Major Anderson, and the military surgeon, we ascended Mount Pitt. The vegetation is of the same general character, as on other parts of the north of the Island. Lemon trees grow at the very top. On the northern ascent, a Pine was measured, 29½ feet in circumference, and a Norfolk Island Bread-fruit, *Cordyline australis,* 2 feet 9 inches. The last sometimes attains 20 feet in height: it branches from within a few feet of the ground, and forms several heads, with flag-like leaves, and long, branched spikes of greenish, star flowers, succeeded by whitish, or bluish-purple berries, that are eaten by parrots. It often forms a striking object, where a woody valley runs out into grass, growing at the extreme margin of the wood. . . .

"From the top of Mount Pitt, by ascending a tree, we could see the whole circuit of the Island, which approaches a triangle in form; it is rendered very beautiful, by the variety of hill and dale, wood and open land. . . ."

SELWYN PINE ROAD AND PALM GLEN. Continuing on past Mt. Bates the rambler will soon find his path divides into two. The right-hand fork is an extension of Selwyn Pine Road, and that path takes you down steeply through Palm Glen and some of the finest bush on the island and some of the thickest mountain forest. It begins as a track but later it opens out and meets J. E. Road (for Journey's End), which in turn meets New Cascade Road. Selwyn Pine Road is a lonely mountain road; its residents may be counted on one hand.

CAPTAIN COOK MONUMENT AND RED ROAD. The left-hand fork of the track from Mt. Bates is Red Road, which goes down towards Cascade. At one time it continued on over the mountain and met Bullocks Hut Road. Just a short walk down Red Road brings you to the bridle path, on the left, which leads to the cliffs and the Captain Cook Monument. Let's make that left-hand turn now while we are so handy. Later we can retrace our steps, or perhaps return another day, and continue on the down-hill journey to Cascade via Red Road, investigating all the colourful by-ways in this less frequented part of the island. The bridle track, which also goes downhill, but towards the cliffs, is really an extension of Duncombe Bay Road. Its winding path is often framed by overhanging branches and birdsong accompanies you all the way. After half a mile you come to a small clear space right on the cliffs, with pines on the steep slopes, white birds in the air and deep blue water a couple of hundred feet below. Several rocks with foam-embroidered edges stand offshore. To the right you can see Redstone and the Archway (see separate chapter for more details on these).

At this point the track deepens to become a channel cut in the hill-side, wide enough for one person only. It winds by the cliffs, high above the sea, and here and there dips back into the valley. Robins and fantails flit by; sea birds soar and wheel overhead. The views from this high side of Norfolk's rugged coast are truly beautiful.

You now follow the coast for some little distance before rounding a point and there you see, high on the headland, the Captain Cook Monument, a grey cairn faced with a tablet. It was erected in 1953. Below is a magnificent sea-scape—the rocky coast of Duncombe Bay. The track from this point turns directly inland and takes you through rough and undulating country, eventually descending to a gate on the boundary of the Mt. Pitt

Reserve. From here the road continues down until it meets Bullocks Hut Road and the Anson Bay area.

CAPTAIN COOK'S LANDING. The inscription on the Captain Cook Monument reads: "Captain James Cook, RN, on his second voyage around the world discovered and named this island Norfolk Isle, landing in the vicinity of this point on October 10, 1774."

The *Resolution* stood off this bay on the 10th. The weather was pleasant, with gentle breezes. The island had been first sighted at daybreak on the 10th as the ship was standing to the north-west. By noon the people aboard were remarking on Mt. Pitt, which was described in the log as "a hill nearly in the middle of the isle." To the uninitiated his log refers to the 11th as the arrival date, but this is because the ship's day was from one noon to the next.

Cook's log reads: TUESDAY 11th. Gentle gales at SE and ESE. After dinner hoisted out two boats in which my self, some of the officers and gentlemen went to take a view of the Island and its produce, we found no difficulty in landing behind some rocks which lined part of the coast and defended it from the Surf. We found the Island uninhabited and near a kin to New Zealand, the Flax plant, many other plants and trees common to that country was found here but the chief produce of the isle is Spruce Pines which grow here in vast abundance and to a vast size, from two to three feet in diameter and upwards, it is of different sort to those in New Caledonia and also to those in New Zealand and for Masts, Yards &c superior to both."

The approach of night brought Cook and his men aboard again and the ship sailed off to the east before tacking at midnight and sailing south, observing Philip and Nepean Islands as the *Resolution* cleared Norfolk.

Cook was lucky with his weather. About 14 years later the French captain, La Perouse, anchored off the island but was unable to land because of the heavy surf. La Perouse described Norfolk as a place "fit only for angels and eagles to reside in". And on March 2, 1788, when King arrived in the *Supply* to set up the first settlement, he and his party finally got ashore at Duncombe Bay (which King named after the Member for Yorkshire) after great difficulty, "being obliged to watch an opportunity to jump on ye rock after ye surf had broken". Two days later King and a party again landed in Duncombe Bay and

explored inland as far as Anson Bay. King had earlier attempted to land at Cascade, but found it too rough.

MT. BATES TO CASCADE VIA RED ROAD. If you don't take the bridle path to the Cook Monument, Red Road will take the traveller down to Cascade. On the mountain-top Red Road is nothing but a track through thick bush. Branches meet overhead, and here, among other things, grow lemons, guavas and bloodwoods amid the pines. Vines lace themselves through the trees, ferns and low plants cover the forest floor and brown rat-tailed pine needles litter the green and shady track. Sunlight sifts through the trees in delicate, dancing patterns and there is little sound but the wind and the birds.

To the left on your way down through the reserve there is a private path to the clifftops, but you continue down until you go through the gate out of the reserve and thus come to Red Road proper. The road is likely to be grass-grown, for there is little traffic.

Soon you come to the junction of J. E. Road, leading downhill to the right, to civilisation and Burnt Pine. From this junction Cascade Pier is 1¾ miles away, Burnt Pine is the same distance and Anson Bay is behind you along the bridle track, 3½ miles away. At this point you may look out to the coast, across valley after valley, to the sapphire sea.

All around this area there are delightful resting places, completely unspoiled, with some unexpected and fascinating views. Grades vary from steep to easy. Red Road has a red topsoil, from which it is presumed the road takes its name. Red Road takes you down to country which is more flat now and to a wooden bridge over Broken Bridge Creek, near the junction of Harper's Road. In the creek beneath the wooden bridge grow some of the pale mauve water-hyacinths that may be seen here and there adding colour to the island's streams.

HARPER'S ROAD, Red Road now becomes Harper's Road and from this point it is only half a mile to the Cascade pier. You pass over an old stone bridge before Harper's Road climbs up to meet Cascade Road and so down to the pier. Harper's Road also runs inland to meet New Cascade Road.

PRINCE PHILIP DRIVE. This road, which was cut in 1967, has become the main east coast highway to the uplands. It branches from Red Road just past the wooden bridge over Broken Bridge Creek and climbs towards the coast, twining inland again

to join the upper stretch of Red Road. It was officially opened by Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, when he visited the island in May, 1968.

THE CASCADE. But before you go this far you should explore awhile near the junction of Harper's Road and Red Road, for if you leave the road at this point and deviate towards the coast you will have a view of the cascade after which the area is named. In the old days it was a watering place for ships. On the way you pass a fish processing factory and a small dam built a few years ago to supply water to a whaling station. The buildings may still be seen near the pier although whaling has ceased. The local name for the site of the fish factory and the dam is Cockpit. The cascade spills over a series of low falls and then plunges over a sheer wall of black rock and almost immediately falls into the sea. This stream starts near Middlegate as Cascade Creek and not far from here it join its waters with those of the Broken Bridge Creek.

J.E. ROAD. The initials J.E. (for Journey's End) also stand for Jeff Edwards, the name of one of the road's early residents. J.E. Road leaves Red Road a short distance below the Mt. Pitt reserve gate. A new section of J.E. Road was cut in 1967, and if you take this branch you will avoid the steep incline on the old route. The grade is much easier on the new branch which follows the contour of the hill and links up with the old road just below the Selwyn Pine turn-off.

The old road runs down steeply on the right then passes a stand of straight, young pines and shortly afterwards meets Selwyn Pine Road. A few steps further on the old and new branches of J.E. Road meet. Continuing down you come to the lowest scoop of a valley where a slow stream flows under a small wooden bridge still known as Broken Bridge, although it is no longer broken. There are sighing gum trees here and the muted music of little green pigeons, otherwise little to disturb the quiet of the place. The road climbs steeply out of the valley on to New Cascade Road.

NEW CASCADE ROAD. This early thoroughfare stems from the centre of the Burnt Pine business area and drops towards Cascade Bay. A few years ago the first section of it, which runs along the plateau for about a mile, was a quiet place, with few houses, several open paddocks and patches of green bush. Now much of the bush has been replaced by blocks of flats for tourists and, inevitably, New Cascade Road has lost some of its former

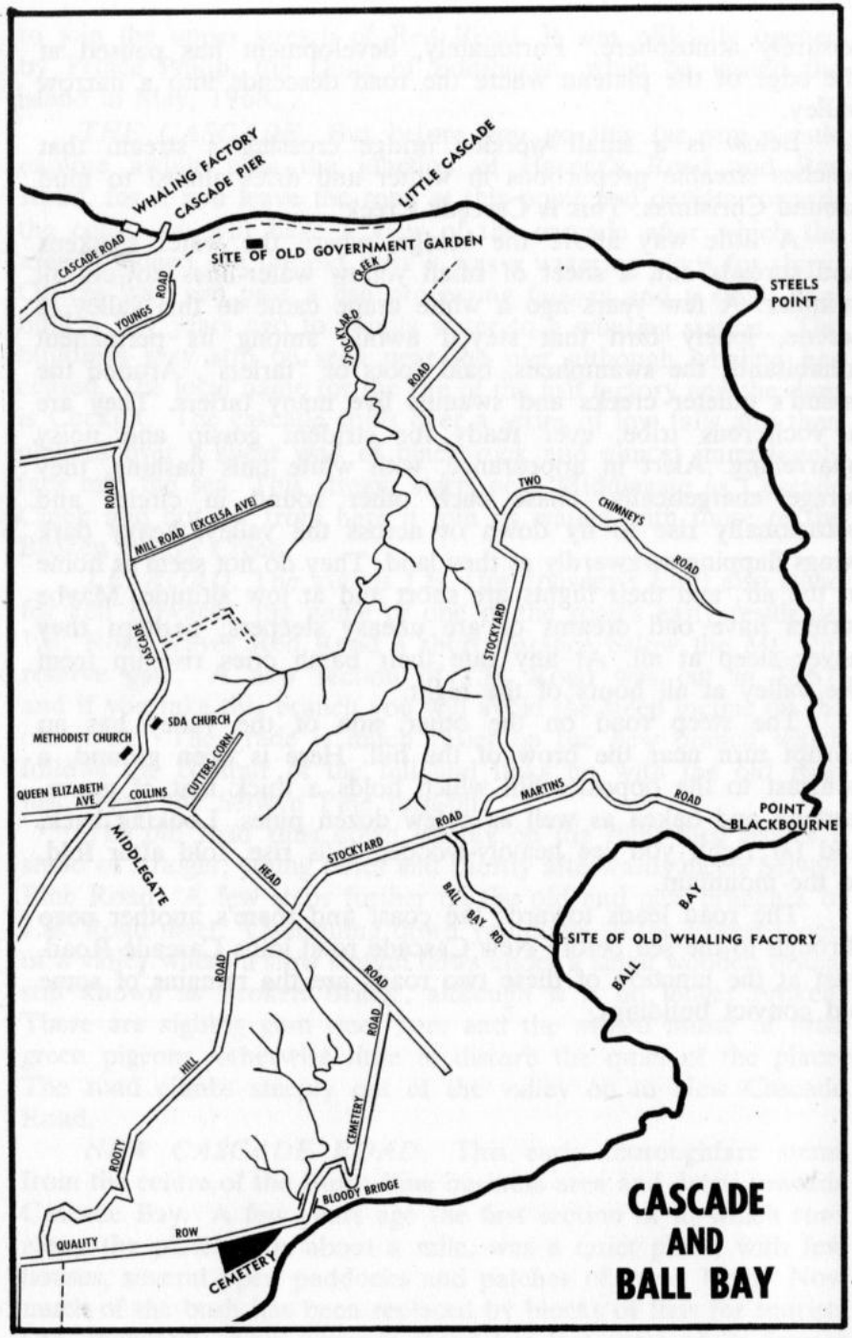
leisurely atmosphere. Fortunately, development has paused at the edge of the plateau where the road descends into a narrow valley.

Below is a small wooden bridge crossing a stream that reaches sizeable proportions in winter and dries almost to mud around Christmas. This is Cascade Creek.

A little way above the bridge, where the water slackens and spreads out, a sheet of small yellow water-lilies flowers all summer. A few years ago a white crane came to this valley, a serene, lonely bird that stayed awhile among its permanent inhabitants, the swamphens, bald coots or "tarlers". Around the island's quieter creeks and swamps live many tarlers. They are a vociferous tribe, ever ready for strident gossip and noisy quarrelling. Alert in appearance, with white tails flashing, they forage energetically, chase each other round in circles and occasionally rise to fly down or across the valley, heavy dark wings flapping awkwardly as they land. They do not seem at home in the air, and their flights are short and at low altitude. Maybe tarlers have bad dreams or are uneasy sleepers; perhaps they never sleep at all. At any rate their harsh cries rise up from the valley at all hours of the night.

The steep road on the other side of the valley has an abrupt turn near the brow of the hill. Here is open ground, a contrast to the opposite hill which holds a thick mat of guava, lantana and hakea as well as a few dozen pines. Looking back, and far right, you see heavily-wooded hills rise, fold after fold, to the mountain.

The road leads towards the coast and there's another peep through to the sea before New Cascade road joins Cascade Road. Just at the junction of these two roads are the remains of some old convict buildings.



Cascade and Ball Bay

CASCADE ROAD. This is a very early thoroughfare which is really a continuation of Middlegate Road. It starts at Middlegate and passes through a thickly populated area and has two churches—the Methodist Church a short distance from Middlegate and on the left; and the Seventh-day Adventist Church further along, on the right. The first important branch road is Mill Road or Excelsa Avenue, branching right half-way between Middlegate and the coast. Mill Road takes you past a sawmill. Continuing on down Cascade Road you pass the New Cascade Road turn-off on the left, with some old convict-built ruins nearby and one of the island's few "lakes". This lake is in reality a saucer of water said to be a dew pond.

Beyond here you soon come to Young's Road before the main road finally zigzags down past Harper's Road and thus to the old whaling station and pier. It's a busy road this when a ship is unloading at Cascade, as trucks pull up the hill with cargo that has been unloaded from lighters on to the Cascade jetty.

YOUNG'S ROAD: This road, which is one of the shortest on the island, was called after the Pitcairner, G. M. F. Young, because it formed one of the boundaries of his land.

Young's Road continues under overhanging trees until it turns a sharp corner and finishes on a cleared space on the cliffs, from where there is a grand view of the whaling station, Cascade Bay and north to the Blowhole. This viewpoint is called "Fred'ick's Edge" by the Norfolk Islanders. Although the road has ceased you may still follow a track, with the cliffs to one side and thick forest on the other, until you eventually come to Stockyard Creek, and here, in a valley, is another cascade, with water falling 20 ft over dark basalt to form a pool below. This waterfall was once known as Little Cascade.

Waterloving plants cluster about: wild taro; cress; hyacinth; reeds and white spider lilies. The stream flows down over brown flat rocks through a series of pools; drops over the cliffs and is lost under beach stones. This is a lovely water-place; you hear beyond the full, heavy tones of the sea, and closer, as a counter-

point, the small noise of the creek and the swishing of the waterfall. Doves moan in an undertone in the underwood, and white terns fly over like phantom birds.

A little inland, between the end of Young's Road proper and this valley, there are the ruins of a small building, for this area was once the site of a government garden. Convicts lived hereabouts.

CASCADE. King, on a tour of exploration, investigated the Cascade area by foot in August, 1788. He described the cascade itself (see p. 46) as "beautiful but at the same time tremendous". Today of course it would not be described as tremendous, and no doubt this is because development has altered the water courses which once fed it. King had attempted to land at Cascade when he first arrived in February that year, but it was too rough and he commented that the cliffs were too high for scaling even if he had been able to land. His ship hove to near the cascade which he said was falling "with great force and noise".

In May, 1789, a road from the settlement at Kingston to Cascade Bay was completed and a few days later the district received its first settler, Thos. Jones, whose term of transportation had recently expired.

By 1791 the name had been changed to Phillipburgh, and that year King reported to Governor Phillip that the district had its own garrison, consisting of a sergeant and 10 privates. Phillipburgh eventually became the centre of the "flax-manufactory", where women and invalids were employed at this important industry. The name Phillipburgh lapsed after the First Settlement closed, and the locality was subsequently called Cascade or Cascades.

During the Second Settlement Cascade was an important out-station where useful men no longer subject to the closest custody were quartered in huts accommodating some 20 persons. Sheep and stock stations were established in the area.

THE CASCADE PIER. Near the foot of the cliffs there was a rock forming a natural jetty from which boats were hauled out of the sea when they were unable to land on the Kingston side. The present jetty is on the same site, but the area has been improved over the years; the approach to it through the cliffs progressively widened. King made the improvement of this landing place one of his main projects in 1792. He had discovered

that after "having with infinite labour made an opening on the stone beach at Cascade Bay for landing", it had filled up again with stones after a gale. He wrote: "I therefore turned my attention to erecting a crane on the landing-rock, at the east end of Cascade Bay, which is connected with the road by a strong and well-framed bridge, and some rocks that were under water, and have been blown to pieces, have rendered the north side of the island very accessible, and have removed every obstacle respecting landing safely and conveniently on this island, which now can be always easily effected either in Sydney or Cascade Bay, as they reciprocally become the lee side of the island."

When King finally left Norfolk in 1796 there was a strong wharf, 126 ft long, between the landing rock and the shore.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AVENUE. This was formerly part of Collins Head Road and was re-named in the early 1950's when pines were planted by the roadside. It runs from Taylors Road to Middlegate. The Catholic Church is situated on rising ground on the left, at the corner of Queen Elizabeth Avenue and John Adams Road.

MIDDLEGATE SUBDIVISION. This area, which is reached by way of Queen Elizabeth Avenue, was resumed by the Crown in 1948 and then became available for leasing. However, it was not until the mid-sixties that intensive development for residential purposes took place. In 1967 the Norfolk Island Council named three of the Subdivision roads and officially recognised the name Shortridge, which had been in use for many years, for the fourth road. These are all straight short roads.

SHORTRIDGE. This is the oldest road in the Subdivision and leaves Queen Elizabeth Avenue on the left to run north and meet Edward Young Road.

JOHN ADAMS ROAD. John Adams Road extends from Queen Elizabeth Avenue to Edward Young Road, passing through the centre of the Subdivision. John Adams, also known as Alexander Smith, was a seaman on the *Bounty*. He subsequently became the leader of the Pitcairn Island community.

FLETCHER CHRISTIAN ROAD. This road was named after Acting-Lieutenant Fletcher Christian of the *Bounty*. It starts at Queen Elizabeth Avenue and ends at a point just beyond Edward Young Road.

EDWARD YOUNG ROAD. This runs parallel to Queen Elizabeth Avenue and connects with the other Subdivision Roads. It was named after Edward Young who was a midshipman on the *Bounty*. This road must not be confused with Youngs Road, which is over at Cascade.

COLLINS HEAD ROAD. This early thoroughfare, which formerly started at Taylors Road, now starts at Middlegate. The Norfolk Island Central School is on the corner of Collins Head and Cascade Roads.

A little farther along is a blind road with the odd name of Cutters Corn, which turns left, and shortly Collins Head Road meets Rooty Hill Road and Stockyard Road. This junction was once marked by Rooty Hill Gate. Nearer the coast, Cemetery Road runs down to Kingston on one side and an old road to Ball Bay on the other. Thereafter Collins Head Road goes towards the coast and ends near the cliffs, where magnificent views of Philip and the east coast of Nepean are obtained. You can drive along it in good weather.

STOCKYARD ROAD. Retrace your steps and go down Stockyard Road, which is really a continuation of Rooty Hill Road—the road that also begins down at Kingston, behind Quality Row. This arm will now take you to both Steels Point and Ball Bay—areas that were both occupied from an early date. Three roads, Ball Bay Road, Martins Road and Two Chimneys Road, stem from the main road.

Stockyard Road begins by heading towards the cliffs, but soon turns inland to the left and winds over the hills in the direction of Steels Point. Beyond Two Chimneys Road the route lies downhill past the site of a wartime radio direction-finding station and runs out almost to the cliff tops in the general Cascade area. Great shaggy white oaks flourish almost to the limits of the headland. This area appears on the 1842 map as "The Big Flat", and a sheep station was then located close by Stockyard Creek. There was also a charcoal burning camp somewhere near here at that time. Today the area is divided into small holdings and is intensely cultivated. The soil in this area is considered among the best, if not the best, on the island. Paddocks of beans, maize and potatoes border the road.

BALL BAY ROAD. This road, which more or less follows the old Ball Bay Road, was re-cut in 1965. It leaves Stockyard Road on the right and twists down to the beach. It is very steep in places and has several sharp corners.

BALL BAY. Ball Bay, the remnant of a volcanic cone breached by the sea, is a lovely crescent lined with black boulders. The slopes of its hills are heavily wooded with pines.

Over the years Ball Bay has occasionally been the site selected for a wharf or at least a jetty for Norfolk, but plans have all come to nothing, even though the first scheme was suggested by King soon after the settlement was begun. He actually began making a landing place but gave up because of the shortage of men. In later years other designs for a pier have been drawn up, but they have been defeated because of lack of money. Ball Bay received its first settlers in December, 1788—Mr. Altree, Thos. Webb and Jno. Anderson. King had high hopes for the locality but it seems that never over the years have the hopes of anybody over Ball Bay been fully realised.

THE WHALERS. Since the move from Pitcairn the Norfolk Islanders have intermittently pursued the hazardous, arduous and rather unremunerative occupation of whaling, using the old methods of hand-harpooning. There have been all the attendant dangers of overturned boats, and the all-night and all-day towings after making fast to a whale, and other desperate incidents. The Norfolk Islanders learned their techniques from American whalers who, during the latter part of the 19th century, called frequently for water and supplies.

Since World War II there have been two attempts to revive whaling in Norfolk waters. A station at Ball Bay, which started in 1949, ended the following year when it was destroyed by fire. In 1956 a large processing factory was built at Cascade, whaling was resumed and continued until 1962, when, because of the scarcity of whales, the factory closed down.

MARTINS ROAD. It runs uphill from Stockyard Road to give the rambler magnificent sea views from its crest. Descending again you momentarily lose the view of the sea, but the way lies through pleasant country. Little blue pigeons gossiping on the road run as you approach. Beyond two roadside houses the path dwindles away and you find yourself out on the cliffs among enormous white oaks and the ever-present pines.

Beyond is Philip Island. Seen from this angle it presents a low-lying section dominated by a high peak neatly sliced off and sloping gently away on the far side. Nepean is not visible.

Immediately below is Ball Bay, its smoothly circular shoreline enclosing blue water. If you are very lucky you will see a brown turtle or two swimming under water and surfacing briefly.

Tropic birds nest here and fly above, describing invisible arcs. Sometimes here, or anywhere near the coast, you find under the trees tiny blue fish, brought in by white terns as food for their fledglings, and somehow dropped. Blue and red parrots flash momentarily and are gone. Occasionally a group will gather in a pine, swooping up and down with noisy exclamations and exchanging positions on the branches till abruptly the whole gang departs on a final fading scream.

TWO CHIMNEYS ROAD. Two Chimneys Road, the farthest of the three roads that stem from Stockyard Road, meanders downhill, past houses and cultivated plots, in the direction of the coast. A blind road leads off it to the left. Where Two Chimneys Road ends you wander past tall lilacs, scented with flowers in October, to the head of a valley at the bottom of which flows a little creek.

Philip Island

FOUR miles south of Kingston, rising to a height of 920 ft, is uninhabited, volcanic Philip Island, which provides Norfolk Islanders with a spot for an occasional offshore excursion. It is also a nesting place for thousands of seabirds and a home for dozens of rabbits.

The island was named in 1788 by Lieutenant Philip Gidley King, not for himself but in honour of Governor Arthur Phillip, the first Governor of New South Wales. But over the years the island has lost one of its "l's" as well as much of the vegetation that covered it in King's time.

Rugged and precipitous, Philip Island is about a mile and a quarter long from east to west, and a mile wide from north to south. The journey across from Kingston by motor boat takes about half an hour, but may be undertaken only in good weather. As you approach the island, the landmarks acquire greater definition and the cliffs are seen rising steeply from the sea. Off shore are several rocks, the largest being called Flat Rock, White Rock and High Red Rock. Seabirds rise up in a cloud as you near the coast, greeting you—disturbers of their peace—with thin, high cries. There are several places where landings may be made. One of these is in a little bay on the east side.

Once ashore, you clamber over great basalt rocks plentifully embellished with bird droppings. Good soil washed down from above lies between the rocks, awaiting the next storm to carry it seawards. A few plants grow at sea level and a few feet above it—wandering willy, ferns, thistles, and a tobacco-like plant with pink flowers. In the summer months, baby whale birds—grey handfuls of fluff—may be seen tottering about and hiding their heads under lumps of rock and plants. Others, fully-fledged, spread their immature wings, vainly trying to fly, and falling sideways as they shuffle away. They are easily caught, and, once captured, lie surprisingly still in your hands. After clambering over rocks for about a quarter of a mile eastwards, you round a point and begin

climbing. For about 100 ft the ascent is steep, slow and difficult, with gravel breaking away at each handhold and underfoot. In the worst places, a rope is needed.

Above this slope is a small plateau, from where you can look over into a big valley with purple and mustard-coloured sides. In the centre of the valley are some great, round boulders. Birds are everywhere—in the air and underfoot and it is difficult to avoid trampling on the young. Eight species of sea-birds have been listed as inhabiting the island—the Wedge-tailed Petrel, Allied Petrel, Whale Bird, Grey Noddy, Noddy, White-capped Noddy or Titerack, Masked Gannet and the Roseate Red-tailed Tropic Bird.

At the head of the valley, a ridge leads into another which is so deep that at first you can't see the bottom. The far side is magnificent, all purple with touches of gold. It also has channels gouged down its sides at regular intervals, forming a rhythmic pattern of arrested waves.

As you cross the second valley, your shoes sink into the dehydrated surface of the land which, cracked by the sun, crumbles at a touch. After climbing over a yellow ridge, you get to another valley whose surface, again, is a fine, powdery deposit with striking colours—mauve, fawn, and sulphur yellow, with touches of green.

The view ahead, looking south, is of the side of the island that is never seen from Norfolk—like the dark side of the moon. This is the unsheltered side, completely at the mercy of the sea and therefore more sharply cut away. At the bottom of a sheer wall of stark rock 900 ft high, the sea rushes and whirls into a small inlet. Up the middle of this valley, where there is moisture for their nourishment, are trees, mainly white oaks, and in these are countless nests made by white-capped noddies.

The nests are mere wisps of straw placed on convenient parts of the branches, and contain single eggs, which are grey with brown markings. The trees and rocks beneath are heavily fouled with droppings. The birds show no fear and the chicks are easily handled, though sometimes, disconcertingly, they regurgitate pieces of small, pale pink, deep-sea squid. The valley is musty with the smell of birds. Besides the white-capped noddies, there are dignified, almost haughty, masked gannets, and some elegant grey noddies.

In the upper parts of the valley, the grey, powdery soil

provides food for a few hardy plants—miniature clover; a small, spinachy plant with yellow flowers; and tall milkweeds on which live the caterpillars of the orange and black Monarch butterfly. Here, also, are a few bees, ants, small flies and large lady-birds. Other creatures are charcoal-coloured lizards with grey-green undersides which grow to a length of about five inches; brown centipedes about seven inches long; and quite a few black and grey rabbits. The ground, in fact, is honeycombed with rabbit burrows and you have to step carefully to avoid them. Future research will no doubt reveal who released rabbits on Philip Island and when, although it seems probable that it was in the 1830's. The English Quaker, James Backhouse, who had a liking for nature study, and who visited Norfolk Island in 1835, made no mention of the rabbits in his detailed descriptions of the island's flora and fauna. But A. D. W. Best, an officer of the 80th Regiment, who later spent two years on Norfolk, wrote in his journal for October, 1838, that he and three brother-officers had shot "at least fifty couple of rabbits" between them in a day's sport on Philip Island. (One of the officers also saw 10 wild goats; but these animals have long been exterminated.)

As you climb to the upper parts of Philip Island's third valley, you get a good view of Norfolk—a long, tree-covered island whose highest point of just over 1,000 ft seems reduced to a mere bump. By comparison with Philip's arid brilliance, Norfolk seems wonderfully green, fertile and cool.

Philip's highest point is known as Jacky-Jacky, and local legend has it that a convict of that name was pursued to this pinnacle, where, choosing death rather than capture, he jumped to his doom. The descent to sea-level from Jacky-Jacky does not take long, and is best made by following the same tracks that took you up there. The only time that you may find a bit of traffic on these tracks is in October and November when the gathering of whale bird eggs is permitted, and parties go over from Norfolk for this purpose. The eggs are considered a delicacy and are usually eaten hard-boiled or in omelettes.

The first European to set foot on Philip Island was Lieutenant Philip Gidley King, commandant of Norfolk Island's first convict settlement, who spent 2½ hours there on December 2, 1788 (nine months after his arrival at Norfolk).

Describing his visit in his journal, King wrote:

"At 6 a.m., I went in the coble to Phillip's Isle, where I landed on a rock in Collin's Bay at ½ past 7, and climbed up the hills, which I found a fine rich red clay. A valley, in the form of a half-moon, runs round the hills over Collin's Bay, and is, as well as the hills, wooded, but not thick. I do not suppose that there is above 150 pine trees on the whole island. Most of the hills are covered with a thick entangled kind of reed which only wants burning to clear away 100 acres of ground, which would make a fine wheat land, if not too dry. As I saw a number of pigeons and parrots &c., I imagine there must be some fresh water on some part of the island. . . ."

A year later, Lieutenant Cresswell made an unsuccessful search for water on Philip Island at King's request, with the result that King's hopes of developing the island came to nothing. However, he did have a number of pigs released on the island where they waxed fat and eventually became wild. In October, 1796, three men were living on the island, looking after the pigs; and it seems that during the next few years it was popularly known as Pig Island.

Philip Island figured in a dramatic incident in September, 1826, following a revolt on Norfolk where the second convict settlement had been established 15 months earlier. During the revolt, the convicts killed a corporal and wounded two or three soldiers, bound the civil officers, robbed the stores, seized the boats and sought sanctuary on Philip Island. Their freedom, however, was short-lived, for the commandant and a few soldiers followed them next day and captured them.

A few years later, Alan Cunningham, the botanist, had the unenviable experience of being stranded on Philip Island when his convict attendants deserted him. And in 1835, two young officers, attended by several convicts, are reported to have shot 13 goats on Philip Island, which they sent back in their boat to Norfolk. Before they, themselves, could return, the weather turned stormy and it was several days before two boats could be sent over to bring them back. Meanwhile, one of the convicts was attacked by a wild boar; but as he happened to have a long stick in his hand, he parried it and advanced on it until it was on the edge of a lofty cliff. He then made a sudden rush and the boar fell backwards over the precipice to its death. This same convict had once spent three months among the peaks of Philip Island after escaping from Norfolk. He lived on the game and fruits to

be found there, but solitude eventually became so irksome to him that he gave himself up and was thereafter "a well-conducted man".

Philip's sterile appearance has through the years turned the thoughts of tree-lovers to soil-replacement and the planting of suitable trees

"The reclothing of this barren island is a task for the forester." wrote C. E. Lane-Poole, Commonwealth Forestry Adviser, in 1926. "It should not prove difficult to destroy the rabbits that remain there, and the island could then be planted with pines. In this work the black Corsican pine should be tried, the climate would suit it and rabbits won't eat it."

Shortly after he was appointed Administrator in 1937 Sir Charles Rosenthal made a thorough inspection of the island with a view to planting trees there, but passed the opinion that any attempt to grow pines or other trees would involve enormous expenditure with no certainty of success.

The following passage, taken from a geological report on Norfolk Island by C. G. Stephens and J. T. Hutton, is of special interest because the latter part of it expresses a theory popularly credited on Norfolk today.

"There are no rabbits on Norfolk Island but they were liberated on Phillip Island, which today, in striking contrast to Norfolk Island, bears a highly colourful but extremely eroded and sterile aspect undoubtedly caused by these rodents."

Philip still possesses a few rabbits; rangy, scraggy animals of various shades; but certainly a share of the blame for the island's arid condition must be borne by the pigs and goats liberated there during the First Settlement, whose descendants thrived throughout the Second Settlement and were not exterminated until well into the Third.

Nepean Island

NEPEAN ISLAND, named by Lieutenant Philip Gidley King in 1788 in honour of Evan Nepean, Under-Secretary of the Home Department, is an uninhabited limestone island a few acres in extent, rising to 105 feet and lying about half a mile south of Emily Bay and Point Hunter.

King, who, as far as is known, was the first to set foot there, made this entry in his journal under Saturday, November 29, 1788: "At 9 a.m. I went out in the coble and landed on Nepean's Isle, which I found a lump of entire sand, which is kept together by a border of rocks. Notwithstanding the deep sand, this island produces near two hundred very fine pines. There is no fresh water at all on the island."

Just what happened to the "near two hundred" pines is problematical.

Most later writers, because they did not visit the island, dismissed it as sterile or grass-covered. James Backhouse, in 1835, described it as small and very sterile; Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, nearly forty years later called it "a block of bare limestone, with four fir-trees on it;"; and J. H. Maiden, in 1902, noted "one solitary weather-beaten Norfolk Island Pine upon it." Nevertheless, Nepean does possess a few plants: white oaks; mesembryanthemum; wild spinach; thistles; rushes and clover—but no pines.

When A. F. Basset Hull visited it in 1908 to study its birds, he found that, owing to the burrowings of the Wedge-tailed Petrel, Nepean was so honeycombed that it was dangerous to walk over some parts; the thin crusts over the burrows being insufficient to support a person's weight. Basset Hull was there in October, when the collection of whale bird eggs is allowed by law; and he remarked that it was not unusual for a boat-load of 10,000 to 15,000 eggs to be brought from the island two or three times a week, yet he was told that there was no apparent diminution in the number of birds breeding there each year. Basset Hull listed the same birds for Nepean as for Philip Island, with the exception of the White-capped Noddy.

A Norfolk resident, Roy Bell, around 1912, collected specimens of Nepean's land molluscs and found two living species and six sub-fossil forms peculiar to the island; some of these were named in his honour.

"The dead shells are of an extraordinary nature;" wrote Tom Iredale, describing them in 1914. "The large bulk is composed of two species of Belloconcha, differing appreciably from the main-island species. . . . The reason for the extinction of these Nepean Island molluscs is at present unknown, but the facts seem to show that the species formerly living were of larger size than the present existing species. . . ."

Norfolk's need of a harbour and Nepean's proximity to the mainland have prompted suggestions that a breakwater be constructed between Point Hunter and the island. A geologist, J. E. Carne, in 1885 first mentioned this scheme. The great expense involved, however, prevented it from being taken up by the authorities. Atlee Hunt in a report in 1914 suggested that a breakwater be made between Nepean and the mainland with two wharves on Nepean and a tramway along the causeway for the conveyance of goods. But for the advent of World War I this plan might have come to something. Schemes similar to it have occasionally been put forward in recent years, with no result. In keeping with the increasing awareness on Norfolk of the need for the conservation of natural assets Nepean was, in May, 1968, proclaimed to be a public reserve for the conservation of flora and fauna.

The trip across from Kingston, which is best undertaken at low tide in good weather, does not take long. A good landing may be made in a small inlet on the west side of the island, stepping onto a flat shelf extending part of the way round the island and uncovered at low tide.

Directly above near the cliff-top the cream stone is laminated, like the leaves of a giant book. Whale-birds peer down from their niches in the cliff-face or fly over with wild cries. Mesembryanthemum hangs in streamers from the cliffs. At first climbing is unpleasant; the grey rocks present sharp spiky points which must be negotiated—in some place on hands and knees.

The ascent is towards the south and round the point. Climbing becomes easier, though still awkward, but it does not take long to reach the top. Here the ground is mainly level, though

undermined with hundreds of petrel holes whose roofs break in readily; fortunately, the petrels make shallow burrows, and the deepest hole is only knee-deep.

Nepean's few plants grow up here; white oaks, pressed slanting against the ground; grass, mainly coarse, but in some places, fine; wild spinach; thistles; small clover and a few rushes. The whitish sand holds dull white shells, frail and ancient univalves, some tiny and coiled; others, sundial type, ranging from very small to about the size of a shilling.

On the plateau live colonies of masked gannets in all stages, the youngest wrapped in cottonwool, fledglings with grey wings, older birds with lighter colouring and adults with their final colours—white with black trimmings. Gannets plane serenely on almost motionless wings. Smaller birds flap more vigorously. Birds—flying, standing or just sitting—cry incessantly; the noddies and their little friends have thin, high voices and quick trilling cries that rise above the harsh ground-bass of the gannets.

Farther round, facing Philip, is a little bay with a beach about 40 yards long. The way down to it is reasonably easy; near the top are streamers of mesembryanthemum for support and lower down, where vegetation is scant, there are handy rough steps, cut into the rock by the convicts more than 100 years ago.

Pale cream sand, littered with shells, forms the beach, which is lovelier than any of the Norfolk beaches.

You climb back up the way you came. On top again and across a belt of grass is the highest point on the east end; from here magnificent views of Norfolk and Philip are obtained. The summit is crowned with a bare patch of grey laminated stone; the cliff below drops almost sheer to the rocks. The broken coastline of east Nepean stretches below; dark arms of rock reach into the churning foam.

Closer to Norfolk on the east side is a sloping face of rock where the convicts, in the old days, quarried stone. Here, too, steps have been hewn from the rock, as well as a few regular holes that probably held supports from some structure, perhaps a crane. Below, where steps lead, are treacherous looking rocks, with white water crashing on them.

To the north are more petrel burrows, more birds, more cliffs and rocks; but no shelter, no fresh water. But Norfolk is not far away, and your boat is still waiting.

Bird Rock or The Redstone

BIRD ROCK, Red Rock or the Redstone is one of a group of rocks lying close in on the north side of Cascade Bay. You reach it by boat. Around this part of the coast the cliffs are mainly composed of slate-coloured basalt, of columnar structure. Patches of flax, living on almost nothing, dot the precipitous cliffs.

About a mile north from Cascade Pier is a blowhole, periodically shooting up spray like a geyser, and then, close by, an archway. As your boat passes under the arch, all is suddenly dull and gloomy; the curved roof shows broken black ends of basalt, evenly patterned. On the left are sinister-looking black caves.

You go out into the sunshine again and past a tall rock crowned with flax. Redstone, which is not really red at all, is nearby. A flat shelf washed by the sea, and running most of the way around the rock, is handy for landing purposes.

Once ashore you will probably want to reach the top; the easiest path is on the north side, where there is some soil and vegetation and climbing is fairly simple. On top the rock is crowned with flax, mesembryanthemum and grass, and pitted with petrel holes.

Redstone seems specially made for birds. It has countless small ledges and niches where birds have their own quarters, close by and yet secluded from their neighbours. Whale birds, noddies and petrels are Redstone's main inhabitants. On a fine day when whale-birds and white terns are flying low over the water their undersides are coloured with blue-green light reflected from the sea.

Between Redstone and Norfolk you can see a black rock with a small arch hollowed beneath it.

On Redstone's east side the wave-washed shelf widens appreciably and is backed by cliffs sculptured into smooth scoops and round projections.

A little distance in from the platform's edge are sheltered

pools, and here, safe and secluded, though continually washed by the flowing water, live sea hares; mostly less than an inch long, but a few specimens reaching two inches in length. These sea hares wear wonderful soft colours; all the muted shades of green, fawn and brown with touches of black. Grey rock oysters lodge in convenient chinks and little black hi-his go walkabout.

Redstone does not possess many shells. But it possesses an abundance of birds; and, crying and wheeling against the blue, or sitting meditatively on their ledges, the birds possess Redstone.

Where To Fish

FISHING from the rocks and reefs is a popular pastime on Norfolk. But visitors should always give consideration to the state of the tides and weather. They should be warned of the sudden high seas that occasionally sweep over the rocks. It is a good idea to get advice from the island people before setting out on a fishing expedition. Some spots, such as the reef at Slaughter Bay, can only be reached at low tide.

The main fish caught around Norfolk are trumpeter, trevalli (*ofi*), kingfish, garfish and groper.

Safe fishing, and at times very good fishing, may be had at Kingston, which is easily accessible. The rocks at Cemetery Bay, Point Hunter, and those near the New Salt House at Emily Bay, and beside the Old Lime Kiln at Slaughter Bay, are all favourite spots. Bambora, which is reached by way of Rocky Point Road, also provides good fishing. Occasionally people fish from Kingston Pier, but Cascade Pier, on the other side of the island, is considered a better place.

The island coastline being mainly precipitous, access to some of the best fishing grounds is gained by climbing down the cliff face. This kind of fishing is recommended for agile people only.

Good fishing, at low tide and in calm weather, may be had at the Crystal Pool, near Point Ross, on the west side of the island. To reach it you follow the south extension of New Farm Road almost to its end, near Point Ross, then turn right into a small valley leading to the cliff top. A descent of about 200 ft will take you to the pool.

At Headstone Point, once a former landing place, a series of well-cut steps leads to the rocks below the steep cliff. As sudden high seas come into Headstone at times lifesaving equipment consisting of a buoy and rope is kept near the top of the steps.

The Cord, at Duncombe Bay, is often visited by local fisher-

men, who return with satisfactory catches. The route to the Cord lies through private property on the Duncombe Bay Road, and, again, you must descend a couple of hundred feet down the cliff to sea level.

Certain spots that are very popular with some local fishermen are not recommended because they are difficult to reach, but keen, experienced fishermen will want to try them. These spots include Half-Century (where you descend with the aid of a rope), Puppy's Point and Jacob's Rock—all of which are on the west side of the island—and Black Bank, at Duncombe Bay.

Norfolk's Climate

NORFOLK ISLAND'S climate is sub-tropical. Temperatures average about 65 degrees over the year, and rarely do they rise above the mid-eighties or fall below the fifties. Rainfall, too, is fairly evenly distributed during the 12 months.

Throughout the years writers who have described the beauties of the scenery have all added a word in praise of the climate. An early tribute came from Captain John Hunter.

"I never saw [on Norfolk] the constitutions, either of the human race or any other animal, more prolific in any part of the world, two children at a birth is no uncommon thing, and elderly women, who have believed themselves long past the period of childbearing, have repeatedly had as fine, healthy strong children as ever were seen."

The following eulogy appeared in 1789: "The climate is pure, salubrious, and delightful, preserved from oppressive heats by constant breezes from the sea, and of so mild a temperature throughout the winter, that vegetation continues there without interruption, one crop succeeding another. Refreshing showers from time to time maintain perpetual verdure; not indeed of grass, for none has yet been seen upon the island, but of the trees, shrubs, and other vegetables, which in all parts grow abundantly."

According to present day older residents, the felling of Pine Avenue, which apparently formed an effectual windbreak, left the island a little cooler. For all that, the climate is still mild; mild enough to bring peach trees into blossom any month of the year and enable visitors to pick hibiscus flowers all the days of the year.

Winters are cool, though usually brief. True, the island tastes no frost, but, when May is past, the days grow wetter and the wind keener; woodpiles diminish and people bring into service their kerosene heaters and wear warmer clothes. Great storms batter the island; the wind howling through the pines is loud and dissonant.

This is the time of nature's pruning, when dry old hakeas

and gums drop in untidy heaps. Sometimes an ancient pine, whose bare, dry branches wear only tattered strips of lichen, and which has seemed ready to fall for several years, will yield at last; then the wind, pushing with a hundred strong hands, will send it crashing to the ground; and sometimes, during a long night of wild lightning and black thunder, when the island seems the meeting place of all the evil weather in the Pacific, a mature pine is struck and broken, and the bright calm of the following morning reveals its beautiful crown lying in the mud, and pale, scented resin seeping from its wounds.

Fog comes rarely, and has no set season. When fog settles on the island, the horizon is no distance at all. The pines, their outlines all blurred, seem to merge into one another. Floors and unused shoes sprout mildew as rain drifts into fog and fog drifts into rain.

Then comes a change; perhaps a rumbling, crackling thunderstorm that clears the air in an hour, and the mists fold up and vanish in the blue. Norfolk's clear days—and most days are clear—are not only blue, but gold and green as well. The pines, perpetually green, dominate the landscape at every turn. Summer heat is tempered by sea-breezes so that the weather is seldom unpleasantly hot.

Summer brings a certain lassitude; draws people to the beaches and detracts a little from the pleasures of walking. The sunsets are glorious; flaming red and gold on the west coast with lovely reflections in the eastern sky. Over Cascade Bay on a bright evening, the sky is lit with shades of red, mauve, lime, ice and palest pink. But sunrise over Cascade Bay can tint the water with turquoise or delicate mauve.

Places of Special Interest

FOR those people who have a limited time to spend on Norfolk Island the following list of places of special interest may be of assistance.

Arches—see pages 13-14.

Bloody Bridge—see pages 25, 27, 32-33 and 34.

Captain Cook Monument, Duncombe Bay—see pages 45, 49-50.

Cemetery (Kingston)—see pages 30-33.

Headstone—see pages 15, 17, 47.

Kingston (convict buildings and ruins)—see pages 6, 9, 19, 21-22, 25-26, 28-30, 32, 34-35, 47-48, 58, 61, 67, 71.

Melanesian Mission Chapel (St. Barnabas)—see pages 17-19.

Mill Ruins in Watermill Valley—see page 26.

Mts. Pitt and Bates—see pages 9, 17, 20, 22, 30, 45, 47, 48, 49, 51, 52.

Quality Row—see pages 25-30, 34, 58.

General Index

Adams, 7, 30.
Administrator, 8, 31.
Administration Offices, 28.
Airport, 10, 11.
All Saints Church, 28.
Anderson, Major, 21, 28, 48.
Anniversary Day, 7.
Anson Bay, 13, 22-25, 47-51.
Anson Bay Rd., 13, 15, 17, 21-23, 25.
Approach by air, 9.
Approach by sea, 9.
"Arches", 13. 14.
Archway, 49.
Arthur's Vale, 26.
Australia, 10.

Backhouse, James, 21-22, 48, 63, 66.
Ball Bay, 59.
Ball Bay Rd., 58, 59.
Ball, Lieut. Henry, 5.
Bambora Reserve, 14, 71.
Basset Hull, A. F., 66.
Bates, Mt., 9, 47, 49.
Bay St., 34.
"Beefsteak", 25.
Bell, Roy, 67.
Best, A. D. W., 63.
Bird Rock, 69, 70.
Black Bank, 72.
Bligh, Capt. William, 8, 9.
Bligh St., 34.
Bloody Bridge, 25, 27, 32, 33, 34.
Blowhole, 55, 69.
Bounty Day, 7.
Bounty, H.M. Ship, 7, 35, 57-8.
Bounty names, 30.
Bounty St., 34.
Brancker Nobbs family, 14.
Broken Bridge, 52.
Broken Bridge Creek, 51, 52.
Buffet, 7.
Bullocks Hut Flat, 23.
Bullocks Hut Rd., 22-23, 48, 49.
Bunbury, Major Thomas, 26-27.
Burglar's Lane, 45.
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, 19.
Burnt Pine, 11, 45, 51, 52.

Cable Station, 23.
Carne, J. E., 67.
Cascade, 6, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 59.
Cascade Bay 57, 69, 74.
Cascade Creek, 52.
Cascade Pier, 50, 56-57, 69, 71.
Cascade Rd., 53, 55.
Catholic Church, 57.
Cemetery Bay, 30, 32, 71.
Cemetery, Kingston, 30-33.
Cemetery, Mission, 18.
Cemetery Rd., 30, 58.
Christian, 7, 57.
Cockpit, 52.
Collins Head Rd., 29, 32, 58.
Commissariat Store, 28.
Cook, Captain James, 5, 49, 50.
Cook Monument, 45, 49, 50.
Coombe, Florence, 19.
Country Rd., 13, 25-26, 34.
Cord, 71-72.
Crystal Pool, 14-15, 71.
Cutters Corn, 58.

Dawe, James, 26.
Darling, Governor, 7.
Denison, Sir William, 7.
Dept. of Territories, 8.
Dept. of Civil Aviation, 10.
Douglas Drive, 11, 21.
Downe, Dowager Lady, 19.
Duffy, Barney, 20, 27.
Duncombe Bay, 5, 47, 48, 50, 71-72.
Duncombe Bay Rd., 23, 49, 72.

Edward, Jeff, 52.
Edward Young Rd., 58.
Emily Bay, 25, 34, 35, 36, 66, 71.
Evans, 7.
Excelsa Ave., 55.

Ferny Lane, 11.
Ferny Rd., 11, 13.
First Settlement, 6, 25, 26, 28, 56, 65.
Fletcher Christian Rd., 57.
Foundation Day, 6.
Fred'ick's Edge, 55.

Gibbs, Mrs., 19.
Gill, Rev. W. W., 66.
Goodenough, Mrs., 19 .
Government Demonstration Farm, 22.
Government House, 29-30, 34.
Grassy Rd., 45.

Half-Century, 72.
Harpers Rd., 51.
Headington, Thomas, 32.
Headstone, 15, 17, 47.
Headstone Pt., 20, 71.
Herbert, Mr. Justice C. E., 31.
Hobart, Lord, 6.
Hobart Town, 7.
Hospital Corner, 11.
Hunt, Atlee, 9, 67.
Hunter, Captain John, 35, 73.
Hunter, Point, 30, 66-67, 71.
Hutton, J. T., 65.

Iredale, Tom, 67.

Jacky-Jacky, 63.
Jacob's Rock, 72.
J. E. Rd., 49, 51-52.
John Adams Rd., 57.

"Kerepei", 20.
King Fern Valley, 47.
King, Lieut. Philip Gidley, 5-6, 22, 25, 30, 48, 50, 56, 59, 61, 63, 64.
Kingston, 6, 9, 19, 21-22, 25-26, 28-30, 32, 34-35, 47-48, 58, 61, 67, 71.
Kingstown, 6, 20.

Laing, Robert, 23.
Lane-Poole, C.E., 65.
La Perouse, 50.
Little Cascade, 55.
Longridge, 11, 13, 25, 31.
Longridge Corner, 14.
Longridge Farm, 25.
Lord Howe, 5.

Maconochie, Captain Alexander, 7, 13, 33.
McCoy, 7.
Maiden, J. H., 21, 26, 66.
Marks, Percy J., 33.
Martins Rd., 59.
Melanesian Mission, 13, 15, 17-23, 30.
Methodist Church, 55.
Middlegate, 52, 55, 57.
Middlegate Rd., 25-26, 55.
Middlegate Subdivision, 57.
Military Barracks, 28-29.
Mill Rd. (Cascade), 55.
Mill Rd. (Kingston), 34.
Mission Pool, 19.
Mission Rd., 18, 22, 45.
Mt. Bates, 45, 47, 49, 51.
Mt. Pitt, 9, 17, 20, 22, 30, 45, 48, 49, 52.
Mt. Pitt Rd., 11, 22, 39, 41.
Montgomery, Rev. H H., 33.
Morayshire, 7.
Morisset, Commandant, 21.
"Music Valley", 32.

Nepean, Evan, 66.
Nepean Island, 9-10, 35, 47, 50, 58, 59, 66, 67, 68.
New Cascade Rd., 49, 51, 52, 53, 55.
New Farm Rd., 11, 13-15, 25, 71.
New South Wales, 5, 7-8.
New Zealand, 10, 36, 50.
Nobbs, 7.
Nobbs, Brancker family, 14.
Nobbs, Rev. G. H., 28, 30-31.
Nobbs Store, 14.
Norfolk Island Central School, 58.
Norfolk Island Council, 8, 57.
Norfolk, Sloop, 36.

Officers' Bath, 29.
Oldest Store, 14.
Orange Vale, 21.

Palmer, Rev. J., 17.
Palm Glen, 48, 49.
Patteson, Bishop John, 17, 19.
Patteson, Misses, 19.
Pentagonal Prison, 27.
Peter's Highway, 11.
Philip Island, 10, 15, 35, 47, 50, 58-59, 61-65, 68.
Phillipburg, 6, 56.
Phillip, Governor, 5, 36, 56, 61.
Pier (Cascade), 56, 71.
Pier (Kingston), 27, 71.
Pier St., 25, 27, 34.
Pine Ave., 10, 13, 15, 25, 73.
Pines, 5-6, 20-21, 36, 47-53, 59-60, 64-66, 74.
Pitcairners, 7-8, 17, 26, 28-29, 31, 34.
Pitcairn Island, 8, 31, 59.
Pitcairn St., 34.
Pitt, Mt., 9, 17, 20, 22, 30, 45, 48-50, 52.
Point Howe, 17, 23.
Point Hunter, 25, 30, 67.
Point Ross, 14, 25, 71.

Pop Rock, 45.
Prince Philip Drive, 51.
"Pulpit", 22.
Puppy's Point, 72.

Quality Rd., 28.
Quality Row, 25-30, 34, 58.
Queenborough, 6.
Queen Elizabeth Ave., 57.
Quintal, Dinah, 30.
Quintal, 7, 30.

Red Rd., 49-52.
Redstone, 49, 69-70.
Resolution, 36, 42.
Resolution, Cook's, 50.
Rocky Point Creek, 14.
Rocky Point Reserve, 15.
Rocky Point Rd., 13-14, 71.
Rosenthal, Sir Charles, 65.
Rooty Hill Gate, 29, 58.
Rooty Hill Rd., 29, 58.
Royal Engineers' Office, 27.

Second Sands, 14-15.
Second Settlement, 7, 11, 13, 21-22, 25-30, 35, 56, 65.
Sellheim Major-General V. C. M., 31.
Selwyn, Bishop George, 17.
Selwyn, Bishop John, 19.
Selwyn Pine Rd., 49, 52.
Seventh-day Adventist Church, 55.
Shortridge, 57.
Silos, 26.
Sirius, 5, 35-36, 48.
Slaughter Bay, 35, 71.
Spruson, J. J., 32.
"Stables", 14.
St. Barnabas, 17-18.
St. Barnabas Chapel, 19.
Steels Point, 58.
Stephens, C. G., 65.
Stockyard Creek, 55, 58.
Stockyard Rd., 58-59.
Supply, 5, 25, 35, 50.
Surprize, 28.
Sydney Bay, 7, 22, 25, 48, 57.
Sydney (Norfolk Island), 6, 25.
Sydney (New South Wales), 5.

Tasmania, 6.
Taylors Rd., 11, 26, 57.
Tourist Bureau, 45.
Turton, Captain, 7, 28.
Two Chimneys Rd., 58, 60.

Ullathorne, Dr., 21.

Van Diemen's Land, 6-8.

War Memorial, 25.
Watermill, 26.
Watermill Valley, 26.
Wentworth, Dr. D'Arcy, 27.
Wentworth, William Charles, 27-28.
Willson, Bishop, 7.
Wilson, Bishop Cecil, 18.
Wordsworth, Major-General, R. H., 34.
Wordsworth Park, 34.
World War II, 10.

Yonge, Miss C., 19.
Young, 7, 58.
Young, G. M. F., 55.
Young, Rosalind, 33.
Young, Sir John, 17.
Young's Rd., 55-56.

ISOMETRICAL VIEW of KINGSTON Prior to 1856

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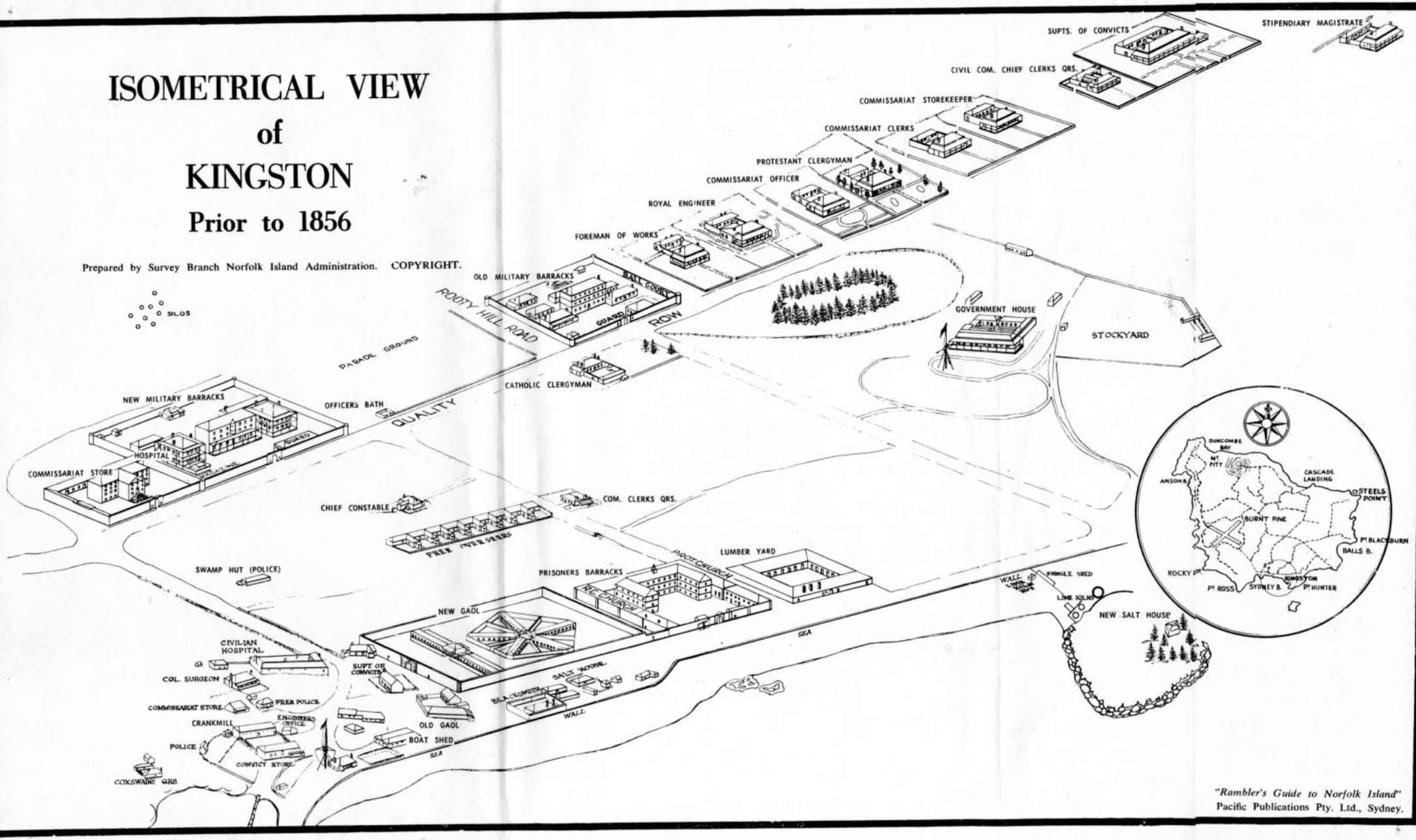

"Rambler's Guide to Norfolk Island"
Pacific Publications Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

PACIFIC PUBLICATIONS

Merval Hoare

RAMBLER'S GUIDE to NORFOLK ISLAND